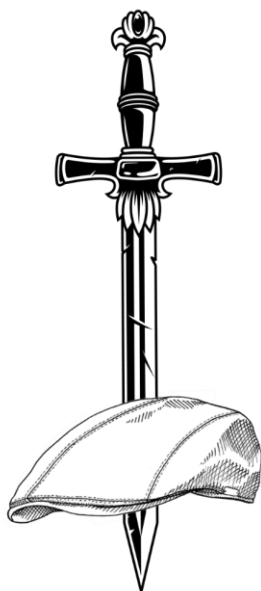


The Wandering Troubadour



The Collected Poetry of
David W. Myatt

The Wandering Troubadour



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RAGNARÖK PUBLICATIONS

135. YEAR OF FAYEN

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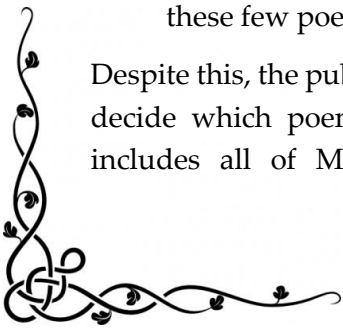
foreword

Although widely known for his involvement in the occult, Islam, and National-Socialism, David Myatt's more personal side remains elusive to many. The perception of him is often clouded by dishonest journalists, anti-fascists, and others who spread falsehoods and half-truths, aiming to tarnish his reputation as much as possible. To truly grasp Myatt's worldview and understand him on a deeper level, it is essential to be acquainted with the poetry he has written over the years.

Through his poetry, one can catch a glimpse of the hidden facets of Myatt's being—expressions of personal emotions and experiences untouched by politics. His verses resonate with pagan and nature-loving themes, evoking a sense of ancient traditions when rigid systems did not influence artistic expression. From times when songs and poems beautifully conveyed tales of heroes, romance, and the numinous, often springing from personal experience with such.

Over time, Myatt's Weltanschauung has evolved into the philosophy of *pathei-mathos*. In addition, his perspectives on his own poetry have also undergone changes. In the introduction to his published collection, *One Exquisite Silence*, he candidly states:

"My poetry was composed between the years 1971-2012, and is of varying quality. Having undertaken the onerous task of re-reading those poems that I still have copies of, there are in my fallible view only around a dozen that I consider may possibly be good enough to be read by others. This collection contains these few poems, and most are autobiographical in nature."



Despite this, the publisher believes it is up to each individual reader to decide which poems they deem worthy. Consequently, this book includes all of Myatt's published poetry, rather than a limited

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selection. The discerning reader may unveil numerous exquisite passages that extend beyond the boundaries of the officially endorsed poems.

Since several of Myatt's poetry collections contain overlapping works, repeated poems have been excluded in favor of his published compilation, *One Exquisite Silence*. For reference, the original structure of the other collections can be found on page 249.

Furthermore, Myatt's poems often stretch across multiple pages, with long stanzas that continue from one page to the next. Unlike in typical poetry books, I've chosen a different approach. Instead of splitting each stanza on every page, I mark the first line of a new stanza with a small indent on the new page. This way, readers can easily recognize when a stanza carries on or when a new one begins.

On a final note, Richard Stirling aptly writes regarding a premature announcement of Myatt's death in 2016 that if we are to remember him:

"...it should, perhaps, be for such so very human, so very civilized, poems. For such poems are such an eloquent rebuke to those who have attempted – or who for private or for political reasons may well continue to attempt – to besmirch him."

uo Arcturus
2023

The Life and Poetry of D. W. Myatt

The poetry of DW Myatt is the creative work of a man with an interesting history. His life, according to one source, is a modern "odyssey". Currently (January 2003) he lives and works on a farm in England, having announced his intention to live a quiet, contemplative, rural life.

All artistic creations should be judged on their merits, and while the life and former beliefs, political or otherwise, of the artist may be of interest, they should not cloud one's artistic judgment. In the majority of instances, while the artistic creations are remembered after the death of the artist, their beliefs and political opinions are long forgotten.

Outwardly, Myatt's Promethean quest - involving as it did a study of Martial Arts, the violence of ultra-nationalist politics, periods as a vagabond, two terms of imprisonment, personal involvement with Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, Christianity, paganism, the Occult - is now generally known.

Inwardly, his personal life is much less well-known. It may have been that his first period as a vagabond was prompted, in part, by a series of ultimately unhappy romantic liaisons, one of which led to the young women in question moving abroad where she gave birth to Myatt's daughter. This series of events does seem to have inspired some of his poetry, as did his first marriage, which failed when his wife ran off with a younger woman (who, incidentally, was the dedicatee of Myatt's translation of Sappho's poetry).

His second marriage ended with the death, at the age of 39, of his wife from cancer. The failure of his third marriage led him to spend another period as a homeless vagabond, in the hills and Fells of Cumbria, a

Introduction

period which inspired him to produce more pagan poetry before he returned to writing about that second love of his life, women. For if there are two themes which consistently run through his poetry, they are Nature, and women. Indeed, he once remarked that "I often feel that some women embody the beauty, the numinosity, the joy, the sensuality, of Nature."

This love of women is especially evident in his recent short story novel entitled *One Connexion*, in a manuscript he wrote over two decades ago - about a relationship involving two women - to which he gave the title *Breaking the Silence Down*, in several of his poems, and in many of his letters to me:

"So it was that I then, as now, remembered a wisdom of years ago, forgotten in the artificial turmoil of political, religious, plots, of chasing ideological schemes and promethean dreams. Remembered especially when I, only months ago, in her, my married lover's house, awoke and she, my new love, lay warm, naked and half-asleep beside me, our limbs, our bodies, our feelings, entwined, and there was no need to speak, to leave. We seemed one, then, as when our passion joined us and we would lie, wordless, looking, smiling, gently moving, touching, in that beautiful calmness of love." *A Learning*: Hand written letter, by Myatt, addressed to JR Wright, dated *Nearing the Winter Solstice*; postmarked December 17 2002.

It is one of the aims of Art to elevate us and raise us up and away from the mundane world. The poetry of David Myatt is decidedly non-political. If it can be categorized, it is "pagan", Nature-loving and empathic. It is also highly individualistic, not to say romantic.

What we find expressed in much of this poetry is a profound desire for a more natural and a more human way of life. We also discover, in his poetry, a sensitive man, in love with Nature, who seems to enjoy the company of women far more than the company of men, and who finds:

There is much that is beautiful



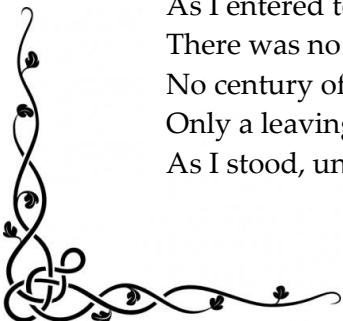
The Wandering Troubadour

But nothing that surpasses the beauty some women
Reveal
Through their eyes
(*The Silent Wisdom*)

It seems that his diverse peregrinations, adventures, travels, wanderings and involvements have inspired his diverse poetry, and it is therefore not surprising that some of his poems are about love, the joy of love, and the sorrow that often arises when love ends:

It was a calm night
Perfumed by moon
Which drew droplets of fractured
Light to my pillow and relief
To the majesty of her flesh.
(*Summer Love*)

But we had to fight to prosper to live
And only in passion did we glimpse in moments a beauty
Beyond -
As when, satiated within our lover's arms,
Our being relaxed to journey in defiance of our life
To where some gods were born
While rain played as rain played upon those panes of glass
And a Church clock tolled its ten amid the morning city noise
In her Apartment
When we who waited warm in bed should long ago
Have been upon our way to work.
(*Only Relate*)



I have no sentence of undisputed meaning
To describe the feeling
As I entered to hear the organ playing Bach:
There was no Time
No century of belonging
Only a leaving in an inward implosion
As I stood, unaware of who or what I was.

Introduction

But she was real, this goddess
Who played with thin fingers
Creating in an instant a divinity
Of love
Her wraithlike form almost swathed in black:
She looked up, once, as I sat astounded,
And smiled in concentration.

(Playing Bach)

Three weeks to dream
As life ebbs as a life ebbs.
I'm glad we went to Egypt -
Her first words
Following that fatal verdict.

Now, forward four weeks,
Her strength mostly gone,
She sleeps as I remembering
Watch
Almost crying
And yearning for times past
Like those Summer days
We remembered yesterday
When we had sat together
Amid the heat in our colourful garden
At peace beneath a sky of blue.

(Meanings)

I had gone, unannounced, unexpected,
To see them kiss as they stood
Near her window.

Each false Spring is a lesson
Which Nature slowly learns
As harsh Winter in returned
When stark frost, chilling,
Creeps to crack some bursting buds:



The Wandering Troubadour

Poems cannot change this
Just as Summer is not Summer
Without Spring

(Shadow Game)

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back
And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

(In The Night)

Always a dream or a memory
Lead us on
And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry.

(Letter)

In his later years, following the development of his mystical philosophy of pathei-mathos, Myatt destroyed his copies of all of his poems except for the seventeen included in his collected titled *One Exquisite Silence* (also published under the title *Relict*) and the ones in his *Four Forgotten Poems*. For, as he wrote, he considered his other poems "not good enough to be read by others".

Such a self-judgment aside, if Myatt is to be remembered it will hopefully be for his poetry, rather than for his political or religious writings, or his quest among the religions of the world.

Introduction

J. R. Wright, Oxford
5 January 2003
(Revised 2019)



ONE
EXQUISITE
SILENCE

One Exquisite Silence

These are the moments of an exquisite silence
As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing
Our bodies together
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair
And you kiss each finger of my hand.

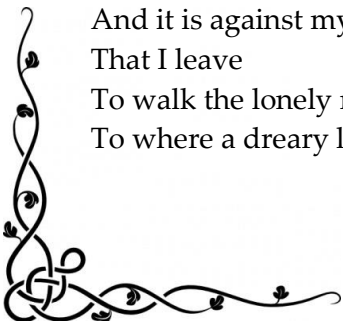
There is a fire of logs to warm us,
As night descends:

There are no words to confuse,
No time, as we flow, together,
As clouds on a warm Summer's day
Beneath a dome of blue.

There is a peace, here, which fills us
As if we are the world and all the beautiful, peaceful, things
Of the world.

Nearby, your two ginger cats sleep
Secure in the warmth of their world
As we are secured while we lie,
Wordless, feeling those subtle energies
Born from no barriers:
You are me as I am you,
In such exquisite moments.

But you belong to another
And it is against my will, my dreams, desires
That I leave
To walk the lonely miles under moonlight
To where a dreary lamp lights my empty room.



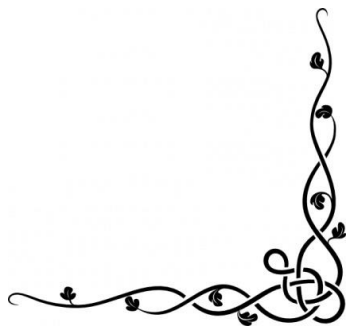


Dark Clouds of Thunder

The moment of sublime knowing
As clouds part above the Bay
And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain
Still falling:
I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder
Have given way to blue
Such that the tide, turning,
Begins to break my vow of distance
Down.

A women, there, whose dog, disobeying,
Splashes sea with sand until new interest
Takes him where
This bearded man of greying hair
No longer reeks
With sadness.

Instead:
The smile of joy when Sun of Summer
Presents again this Paradise of Earth
For I am only tears, falling



The Sun, The City

The Sun, the city, to wear such sadness down
For I am only one among the many
Where a night-of-dreams becomes unreal
With all that is human living, dwelling,
Faster slower slowing grateful hateful hoping loving
Here:
No Time to relay the inner rush of sorrow
That breaks, broken, by some scheming need to-be
Since the 1-train, conveying, is here to grace me
In perspective.

But there are moments, to still,
When - tasks, duty - done
That inner quietness betrays
So that I sit where

The Sun of English Summer
Would could bring me down
There where the meadow grass had grown
Green greener drier keener
And farm's field by hedge with scent
Would keep me still but sweating -
No cider to induce
Then that needed paradisal-sleep.

And now: now I only this all this,
One being cavorting where one past melds
To keep me silent, still, so that the sidewalk
Is only that sidewalk, there
Where hope, clustering, fastly moves us
On.
Good, bad, indifferent - it makes no difference:

One Exquisite Silence

I am no one to judge so many, any,
So that there is - becomes - only the walk faster slower slowing here
And we free in Sun to trust to sleep to-be to seep a dream
Bought at some cost, to many:

Fidelis ad Mortem

And yet there is the Sun, the city, to witness how we can should must
break
Such sadness down.

Wine

Stale

I once drank you
Knowing no difference because of herbs.

She held me, her cunning hands
That did not wish
Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:
The wine was
Intoxicating our senses
But only I was drunk:
She laughed.

I needed rest
Dreaming marriage under sun -
Until bright morning came
When she, alas, changed
Her form in the reality of the room
And I was left to walk with my sack
Down the dusty track
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees
Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only
One step
Along my Way.

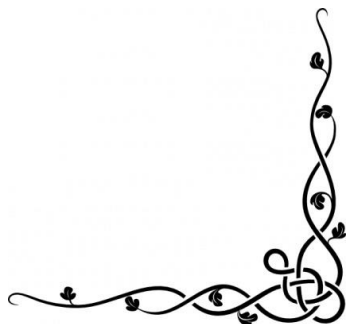


No Sun To Warm

There is an ineffable sadness
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,
That brings me down
To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness
To darken such dreams as break me.
For there are many places I cannot go.



A Summer Sun

Crows calling while sheep cry
By the road that shall take them
To their death:
I sit, while sun lasts
And bleeds my body dry
In this last hour before dark
On a day when a warm wind
Carried the rain that washed
A little of this valley
Like the stream washes
My rock:

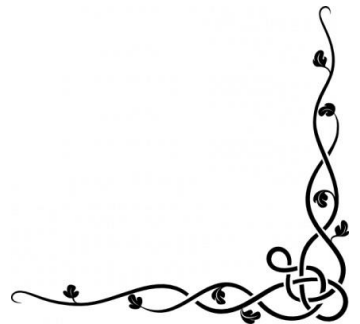
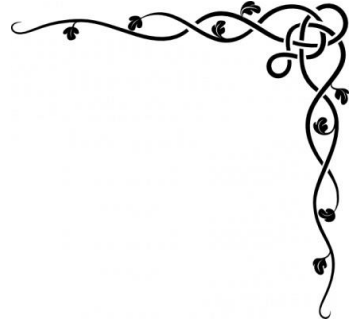
There are no trees to soften
This sun – only heather and fern
To break the sides of the hill.
I cannot keep this peace
I have found -
It seems unformed like water
Becomes unformed without a vessel
A channel or some stream:
It cannot be contained
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find
Only the vessel of walks in hills
Alone
Whereby I who seek
Am brought toward the magick peak
That keeps this hidden world
Alive:

It does not last

One Exquisite Silence

But like the cirrus cloud
Is blown by breeze to free
A summer sun.



Only Time Has Stopped

Here I have stopped
Because only Time goes on within my dream:
Yesterday I was awoken, again,
And she held me down
With her body warmth
Until, satisfied, I went alone
Walking
And trying to remember:

A sun in a white clouded sky
Morning dawn yellow
Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.
The water has cut, deep, into
The estuary bank
And the mallard swims against the flow -
No movement, only effort.
Nearby – the foreign ship which brought me
Is held by rusty chains
Which, one day and soon
And peeling them like its paint,
Must leave.

Here I shall begin again
Because Time, at last, has stopped
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

One Exquisite Silence

Relict

Sun, broken by branch, seeps
Into mist
Where spreading roots have cracked
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,
For an hundred years
From a seed, flesh fed, the oak
Sheltering

Mary
Relict of William

And a breeze, stirring again
This year
The leaves of an Autumn's green gold

The Two faces

I am the two faces of God -
Vox Patris Caelestis -
While, within, a lewd Satan grins
Playing at Change:
My pieces are human who cried
At my hurt.
I am alone, the cry
While Treble voices sing
Echoing, and strange shadows long dead
Dance too briefly along the cloister wall.

There is pain as I stare

Past dying sun and a valley
Winter cold
Trying to believe while stars break
And a crescent moon
Glowing like the whore's eyes
In that dark room
Jibbers over the heavy breasts
Of the hill:
No cloud
To veil her shame.

No one, nothing
Answers. Only
Air, and I sit, still waiting
And remembering prayer.
In the ruins, my dead self comes to life
Rising slowly, worm-slowly
To the first singing blackness
Of night.

One Exquisite Silence

No answers, nothing:
Only this tramp sheltering
In the ruins of a church -
And memories, yes there are memories
Glowing
Like the lies of my life

In A foreign Land

Hot, this sun while it breaks
As I sit quite still
Beneath cloud
On a white bench watching
Flies spiral for shade.

My head is at peace
While the body waits
In this Park
Where each shade of Summer green
Becomes real in this light
And trees speak, slowly,
Of their fears of being
Half alive

For years, a war in my head
While I sought to find
A dream:
She was never real, my dream

But there was music, I found
In sitting silent
While beams of Sun become filtered
And fractured through leaves:
A joy in watching while clouds form
And break, casting
In their myriad ways
This Sun's gift of life;
Ecstasy in walking
High upon hills while wind cries
Or thunders:
No suffering, except hunger,

One Exquisite Silence

While I wait for my Dark Daughters
Of Earth

Now there is rain to make me
Take up my sack and walk
As a wanderer in creaking boots
To where the Spirits of my waiting Woods
Will sigh:

Without his dreams,
He would be nothing

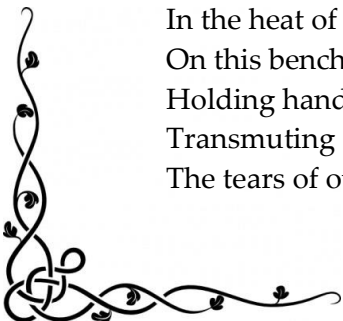
And I shall smile while, hot,
The Summer Sun breaks briefly
To dry my rain-soaked back

Letter

It is raining
And I am watered
And cold

There is warmth in love
Which explains my wait
By this road while cars pass
Noisy in the shielding dark:
My spirit is not seen as it sits
On the wooden bench where hill
Meets valley sky
And where a standing stone waits
To whisper words
Of a language that has died.
But I listen, while rain falls,
Hearing your cry.

Always a dream or a memory
Lead us on
And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry.



There is a sun as we sit
In the heat of a summer
On this bench as new lovers
Holding hands -
Transmuting all the dark days
The tears of our past

One Exquisite Silence

In the touch that mingles our auras
As they must be mingled to bring
The words of our waiting stone
Alive:

Always this dream
Leads me on.

But it is raining
And in the rain I hear
Your spirit cry.



The Wandering Troubadour

In The Night

A bright quarter moon
As I ran alone in the cold hours
Along the sunken road that twists
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night
That woke me – a sadness
To make me sit by the fire
Then take me out, moon-seeing
And running, to hear only my feet
My breath, to smell only the coldness
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back
And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

One Exquisite Silence

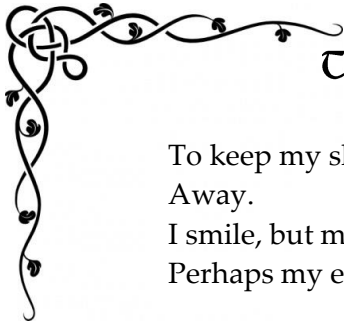
Travelling

A hot day in Summer as I walk
Slowly
But fastly sweating
Down this road
While speeding traffic passes
As speeding traffic does:
The drivers seem unaware or careless
Of my slowness
And grimly swerve to almost
Touch me
Here where a town - ten miles distant - creeps
Over a river to spread across
A narrow greening plain.

There is food in the town,
A path's beginning to take me upward
And turning through a forest
To the sheep-sided hills
Beyond.

Slowly, my world passes -
I cannot comprehend the rush
And sit in the hot sun on a low wall
Having passing through the breathless body
Of this town.

Even my water is warm
And suspicious faces watch me
As their owners in gardens surround themselves
With sound:
There seems a rushing in the seeping loud
Music, a barrier



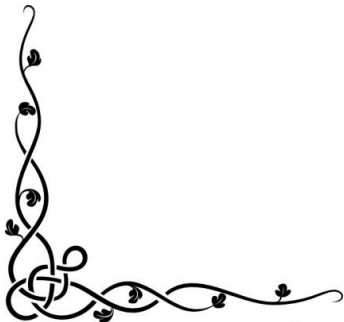
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To keep my slow moving solitary travelling world
Away.

I smile, but my beard, my worn clothes -
Perhaps my eyes - mark me.

A few hours
And it is good to be alone again
Among the peace of hills
Where my walking slowness seems to frame
Each slowly passing world:

Above - clouds
To herald some future rain





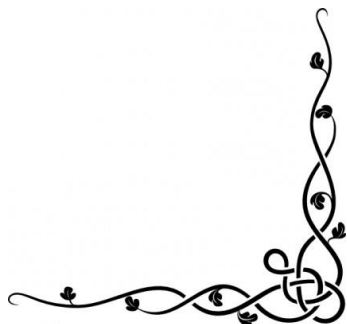
Summer Days Walking Roads

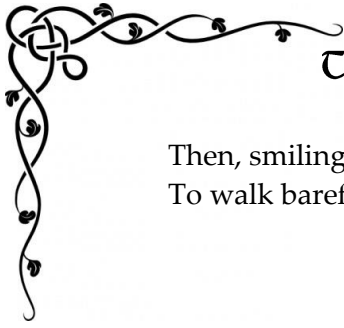
Day hides the stars that might shine tonight
As my life when the loneliness comes
Among the hills:
I have touched the joy that goes
Seeping down into darkness
Rooting my soul that thus a storm
Cannot wash it away.
Here - a smile to capture worlds
With hidden words
When I believe a night has no terrors
Like my own
And I sleep at peace
Beneath the dome of stars.

I - passing the world
The way each day passes to a week -
Shook dust from my clothes
And walked barefoot toward a village green.

It was no use -
I had only to forget to remember
The silence where I in gladness sang
Stopping those spirits who had waited by their trees
For one like me to visit them,
Again.

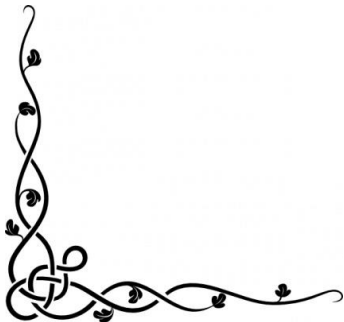
So I sit on the damp grass
Waiting
For a world of love.





The Wandering Troubadour

Then, smiling, I shake away the dew
To walk barefoot across the village green.





Apple Blossom in May

There is a reality about Spring
When grass grows green with the sun:
Days lengthen bringing the warmth
That reassures and one is pleased
To run a hand where wind moves
And blossoms have been blown:

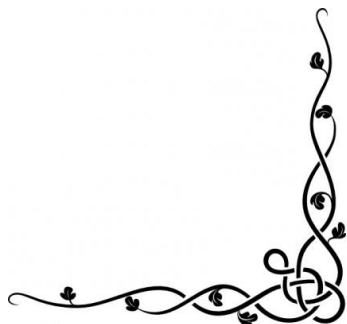
Every hour is unique
When rain stops.

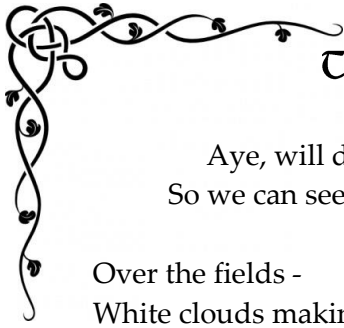
In the town - three hills
And a valley to the left -
Music slithers from a shop
While people rush,
Gathering.
A drill strikes stone
Where youths gather
Sneering at people who pass.

There is a pleasure about Spring
When free grass grows in the sun,
A slowness when wind rushes tree:
Nearby
The curlew and lark
Where sun glints
Upon rain sodden earth:

How are you today, Mr. Hughes?

Oh not so bad, you know -
Better for the sun.

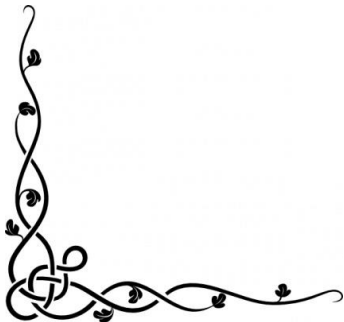




The Wandering Troubadour

Aye, will dry the ground
So we can seed.

Over the fields -
White clouds making faces
In the sun





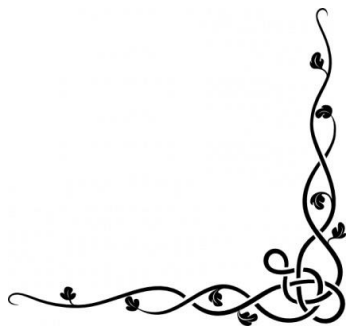
One Poet, One Song

Remember the ones whom you killed
You, the poet, in your youth?
They brought a unity, those memories,
A pain that possesses all things
Bringing with their dread remembrance
The field of connection grown
From deep Space:

For what was concealed is seen
As what is felt is possessed into Word
Through the possession of the consciousness
That connects all life to itself
Because it is life through the origin
Of growth
And brings the tranquillity of age.

But there is remembering: the forgetting,
The little goals to pass the days
Between the next remembering.

He sees little needed in life:
No books, houses, fine clothes or cars,
Since this connectedness that makes
That poet a child
Makes him a place to rest awhile
Between the troubled strophes of life.
He, the forgotten values, seeks
Only sufficient shelter
Food enough to fill his gauntness
For a day -
All else is insufficient and inauthentic
As he himself an admission





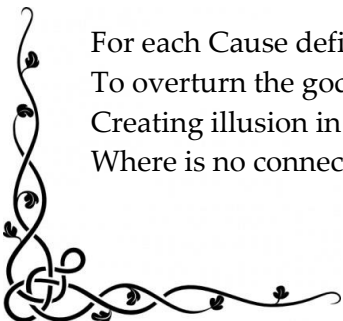
The Wandering Troubadour

Of a god's weakness
For Man.

All life is divine:
Each field, each tree,
And he the poet carries his message
Gently, like Summer cloud before the rain.
He, she, they - nothing special, unique
Only the half-remembered aspirations
Of each age
Forgotten when they to whom connectedness
Was a lie from birth live in power
Within the boundaries of a State.

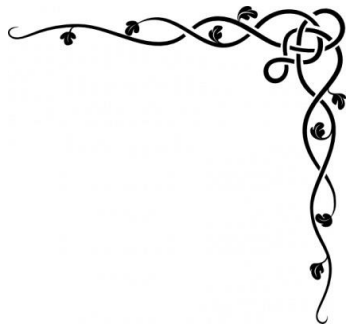
There should be no preaching, no faith
Only the connectedness of consciousness
That uncovers divinity as the divine
As there should be no guilt or sin
While the

Tireless worker for the Cause
Stalks the streets of the chosen
City. There was a sunset
As he walked the hill home -
A plethora of colours magnified
By cold caught his eye
Briefly, for the wound on his face
Hurt. But he got them,
The bastards, and next time
The Party will be strong



For each Cause defines a Goal
To overturn the gods
Creating illusion in expiation
Where is no connectedness, only division

One Exquisite Silence

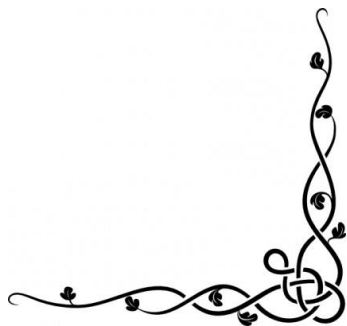


And divide.

Words will not end this
Or any other admission of how we forget
To remember
As sublime music is not a premonition
Of peace.
They are only reminders of what is
As I a reminder of what
Once was

For there is a natural balance between
The outward challenge
The inward look of age
That decays with each present passing
Week:
Self-survival
The question of inner Space

Words will not end
But only the middle way between
The word and the act
Where desire is the poet's desire
For passive divinity
May begin the remembering
Of the connectedness that is divine
Without the ending that is another's
Death



Summer Love

Swallows gather, high above
Where, this morning, mist rose
Steadily, masking my view of the valley.

It was soon gone, this mist
Dispersed by burning sun and a breeze
Carrying honeysuckle scent to where
A bleached window lights
My tenant room.

I had sat quite still
While her words destroyed
My soul.

It was a calm night
Perfumed by moon
Which drew droplets of fractured
Light to my pillow and relief
To the majesty of her flesh.
For hours, the White Tiger's cave
Explored: and when the shared sweat
Dried and sleep with Her tender
Grace filled her limbs
I lay, savouring the sweetness
Of her joy.

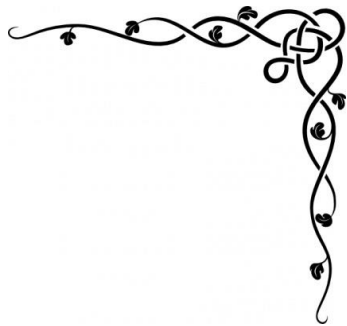
For two weeks, a world
Explored.

Was it all a dream?

I remember



One Exquisite Silence



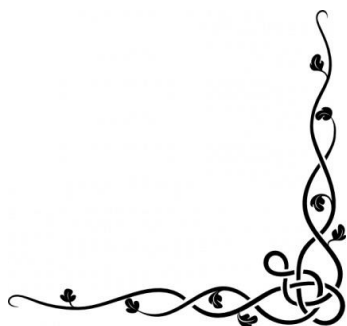
The small café where she, tired
From wind, hill and sun
Rested her head as only a lover can
On my shoulder: no one cared
When we kissed or ran barefoot
Along the narrow street
And too much wine made us
Each together try to capture
With our hands a star
Jumping jumping until blood seared
Our ears and we fell
Softly, on forgiving grass.

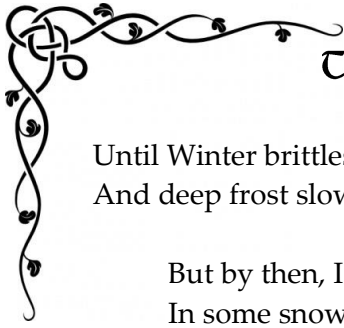
It is silent and still, my room
Where foods rests uneaten and undesired.
There is no foolish laughter
No sweat to dry as sun dries.
There is only
The broken picture of my past
Since all my letters are unanswered
And undesired.

The cool breeze stirs -
Something.
She does not or will not hear.
Her husband claimed her
As the jealous god claims souls:
Dry, without any magick
Or mirth.

Was I her freedom or her guilt?

Soon, the sleeping bats screeking
Will swoop, launched by Dusk
And I will wait, perhaps,

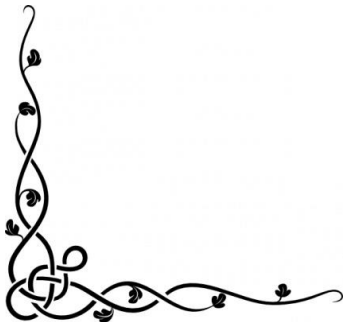




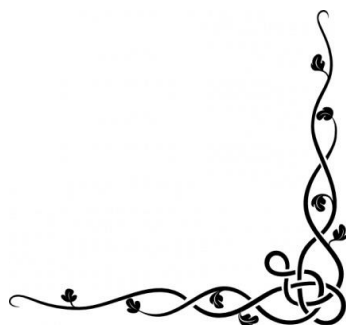
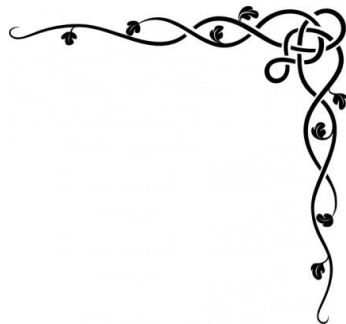
The Wandering Troubadour

Until Winter brittles memory
And deep frost slows the blood.

But by then, I may be distant footsteps
In some snow



One Exquisite Silence





GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD

Poems of a Wanderer

Hermit Tent

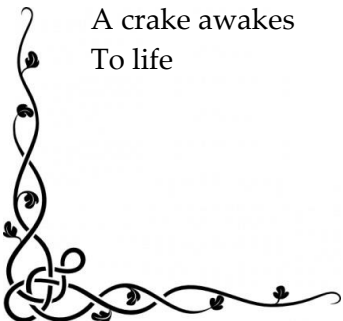
It is so cold ice has formed
In my boots while
Frost-bitten snow crunches
When you walk the short
Distance to water
Gathering ice in a pail

Ochre, the morning sun lies shrouded
By mist, casting no heat
As the birds do not cast
The imprint of their feet
Upon snow:

The rose cutting juts
Above white there
Where last week I buried
That cat and where a leaf
Unfurls in
Intimation of Spring

Over the tree, a crow
Calling:
Nothing answers
Awkwardly I amble through the cold
While ice forms on my face:

Slowly
A crake awakes
To life



Snow in Late April

My tent is cold - I have to huddle
Again
Within wool. Outside
It is strange, this layer of white
Which covers long grass;
Never before the snow which
Covers deep green.

There is an unutterable silence
About the land; nothing stirs
Only air, and the blackbird
Whose perch was my pole
Will have to unlearn to learn
To eat bread.

It is strange - this windy desolation;
There is a voice within the wind
A sign written by snow
And I have come to recall
Through sitting huddled like an old man
Each meaning which strands together
Life:

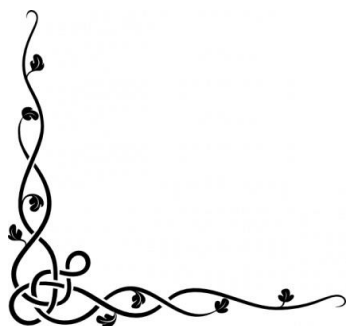
Shaken, the tent groans through the wear
In its joints; it is old, this tent,
Perched upon Earth - full of spiders
And seeds
As if seeking as seeds seek
To cover themselves within Earth.

I will die here
Says the wind



The Wandering Troubadour

My poems covered
By snow.



Spring Dawn

It is a cold dawn in Spring
When the red disk rises
Above hill
And the frost-layered village
Still sleeps.

Only I walk
Where silent trees rear up
Beneath blue.
No sound
Not even birds.
In the valley, mist swirls
Cold.

While on the hedge
Neat-trimmed and almost dead
Slivers of crystals cling
As my feet become frozen
Within boots.

On the green, a glaze
Of white as in a field a horse
Runs steaming
To free the cold of night.

Nearby, a car awakes to ruin
This peace and life

Traveller's Wait

So much neglect
Even the platform has dirt:
The young - they talk as they stand
Seeing through themselves
Each other living life
In moments

Appearance for them seems forever
Reality:
Nowhere a word for compassion
Only destination signs.

I do not beg
But rise from the bench
To sit awhile, smiling.
There is no haste
While sunlight warms.

People come, rushing
While I sit with my sack
Gathering strength to spend
A few pence for a tea.

So much neglect
Even my boots have a hole

Road

I wander aimless along a road
Fresh food to allow me thought:
Ahead, a dead thrush
Its carcass decaying
While in the hedge above, bush buds
Burst with life.

Even the wind seems warm
As I walk
Watching the White Horse on its hill
While streaming streaks of high cirrus
Cloud
Fleck the changing blue

There is a freedom here
A pattern to possess my life:
Each day brings me
Close

Waves

Waves of rain beat
Upon this tent, wind rucked
In wildness:
I have no illusions

Cold the comfort of this bag
With its dead duck down.
Sometimes a little sun
Brightens
While boots dry
And tired muscles rest

Freedom is hard
While Winter lasts
And Summer savings dry -
Sometimes a little work:
Over the lake
A bittern booms

Pavilion Bench for A Night

Cold, I watched the moon
Rise, until with weary body
I settled down to sleep.

It was a bitter night
And frost greeted me
As I climbed through the glassless window
To stare with bleary eyes at the School:
No one came
And I was free to drink
From their stream

When shall I learn peace?

Only will walks this body
To another village blurred
Like the rest
By fatigue

Tuesday's rabbit is gone
And, weary and sleep inclined,
I sit by some stones
Wishing the warmth of a home

When shall I learn peace?

Walking

Rain, falling heavy as rain does
In storm.

It is beating down
While I wait in this cold tent
For the light of dawn

I am alone, as I came, to this clearing
Within trees:
Trying to live the moments that are those
Moments between the walks I walk
Upon roads:

Rain, beating heavy as the pain in my leg:
I have no rôle to guide me, happy, toward
My death
Only a wish for some warm soup
To suckle my soul.
There is instead rain with no fuel
For the stove

I am alone, as once I wished:
And in the morning
I shall shoulder my pack
And walk -

Is rain the seed, the sun the sower
For the fecund planet called Earth?
Am I one seed who by silence alone
Can breed a flower of Thought?

But it is late and I close my eyes
To sleep

Wandering and free

Clouds fastly moving across
A Winter's sky:
No rain, only a breeze
Warm after the solstice-weeks
Of ice;
No one to hear as I tread a path
Bent by sack and memories
That make a rhythm
For my feet.

There are no answers within me
As there are no cars to despoil
This empty border glade
And I am only a division because divided:
Freedom is no one and nothing
To care for - and no one
Who cares
But I have grown used to sleeping
Ill within a tent
Since pains are a Winter in my life.

Yet there was love
Broken by the dreaming and the doubt
And I that rainy Spring
Left the passion and its pain
To find this kind of peace:

I am torn, still, between
Dreams, pride and the reality
Of this road-walking life,
But most miles tire
And bring a kind of sleep.



The Wandering Troubadour

There is music in me
Which grows as I grow
But I cannot compose
And have only these words to sculpt
From this crumbling rock
My images of sadness and of joy.

Clouds
Fastly moving
Over a remembering voice
That someone in some future
Might recall as me -
But like a cloud
I am born to quickly fade
And die

Intermezzo

No longer the low sun which caught
The brown, hedged field under hill
To show the covering of spider's silk
Weaved, slow:
Instead, twilight and clouds,
Transforming

I cannot walk when such beauty
Stops me -
There is then a sitting by some stream,
Perhaps a fire
To warm the body that desire wearies
By walking

No wind, now, to chill
Or take me to some shelter:
There is instead my small fire of wood,
The peace brought by stillness;
All journeys were a sign
To this place
While, on the distant road, some car
Blares its horn
In haste

City Autumn

Dawn's magickal moment when dim light
That strains the eye
Bursts upon a horizon still
Clutching the mist of night:
I was awake, experiencing,
Trying to hold through sleepy eyes
The silence that gave me for a moment
God;
Then the birds, thrusting their song
In the wind
Which snatched trees
Breaking the colours down
Because rain has long rejoiced to seed
This Earth.
I, on a bench

Until the traffic came:
Hard noise that crushed my spell -
Clouds, that promised tomorrow

Waiting

No suffering, as Christians suffer -
Only the stream, there
By my tent.
It is home, now,
Green like its field, and at night
With a shrunken stomach
I sit by its flap and dream.

I cannot play the flute
I have made from maple;
But there is time
There is always time
For a madman like me to scheme.

It is not romantic, this life,
Like others think.
It is boring and hard yet I endure
With endurance to bring more
Than deep lines to my face.
My tent is a message
As I myself am not me.

No falseness, as burning religion
Makes false. Only a stream
Of impressions that makes me
Nothing unique.
Each changing cloud reminds
Just as I am a reminder
Of what I and all others
Might be



TO FORGOTTEN GODS

Pagan Poems
for Susan (1952-1993)

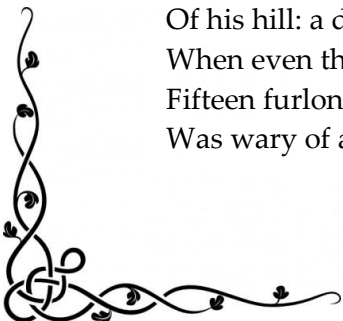
The Returning

All seasons transcend
Since each day differs
Through its cloud and its sun.

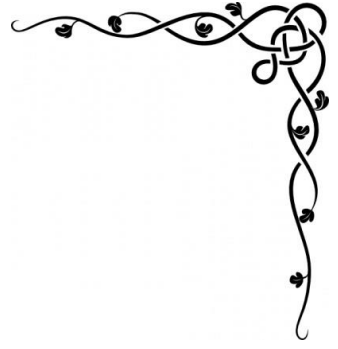
In the wood, gold spreads
Slowly
Like the slow death it is
As every soft colour is returned.
Only pasture remains green
Below mist
While brown earth is broken
By plough:

Sufficiency is shelter itself
And the once reluctant farmer nods
As he turns with his bent back
Where sun rests
Between its hill and his home.
It will be gone, soon, this sun
Lost
While stars stare down the sky
Where for fifty years
His house has stood
Stone grey among muddy sheep-torn grass.

There was a horse, then,
To plough the steep slope
Of his hill: a different way
When even the village
Fifteen furlongs west
Was wary of all change.



To forgotten Gods



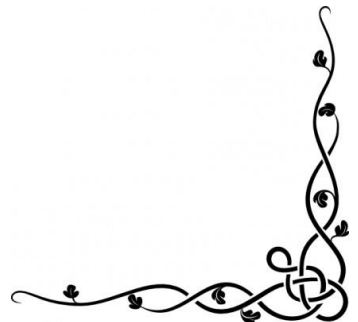
But shelter is sufficiency itself
He knows
As he walks the short path
To his home.
There will be fire,
A son's warm wife
To welcome this leathery skin.

He is old, he knows,
Worn like the oak, and his path
Which three years of bloody hands
Tore from Her earth
And which each year She renews.

All rain can be smelt

In the wood, wind spins
Slowly, like Earth.
There is a mist, a mingling
While the fallen man waits among leaves
Like Her kestrel
For death.

Every wind is his breath.



A Wise Woman Dance

Strange paths await
Where Thought, for once, is silenced:

In the copse, a ring of Earth
Where waits Erda's woman
Whom seventeen years have grown
To bloom
As a sapling from its seed.
Hot, the sun of solstice
Sweats her
While she dance.

No one sees her
Naked
Nor the garland of her hair
While she chant her horned god chant.

Her Inquisition lives
Still sweeping towns:
One messiah more or less
Only folk suffer when dead thoughts
Torment and tear
Each life from Earth
Like trees are torn
For Town.

Sun and sweat
Should wash away a Cause
Not rain of blood
Fresh spouted.

Strange paths await

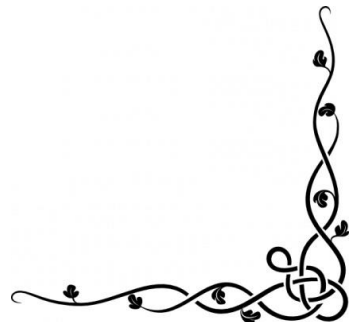
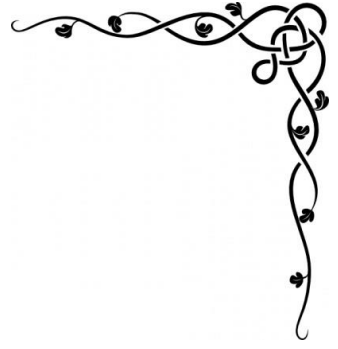
To forgotten Gods

Where hate, for once,
Is stilled.

Would the wise woman's chant
Still
This vapid change
Where every person is controlled
By tentacles of State

O Cernunnos
Bring us back thy joy!

Hot, sun sweat her
While she dance

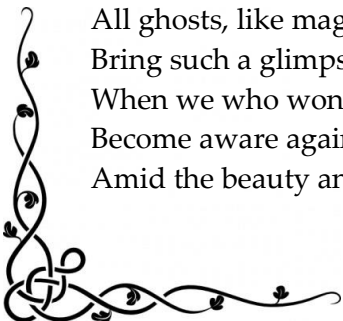


An Inn At Dawn

Resting, while light grows,
I hear outside an old woman's laugh:
It was heard before
When the gabled street festered
From filth thrown down
And the lost traveller stopped
In night amid mist and cold
To be bludgeoned by bandits
Who pulled his teeth for the gold:

There is no plaque to mark his passing
No short history waiting to be told
Only the ghost
Lingering
Like the laughter.

Yet there was beauty
To make me believe
In the gods:
But she who shared my soul
Last night
Is gone, and I hear now not her sighs
But only the laughter
Only the growing noise of the city
As rain falls as rain can, suddenly,
In summer.

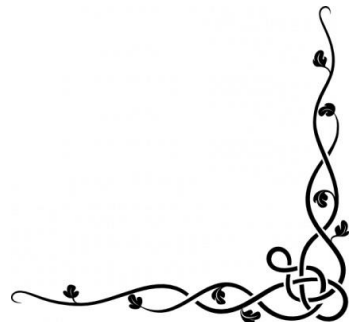
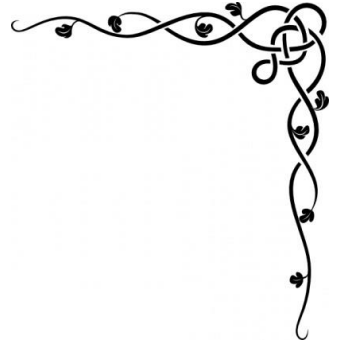


All ghosts, like magick,
Bring such a glimpse
When we who wonder
Become aware again
Amid the beauty and the burdens

To forgotten Gods

That mark the path
Whereon we who wish to survive
Invoke.

Listening, I hear the loud rain
Call
Here where a cowering city covers
Preventing it seeding the naked beauty
Of Earth



Remembering Gaia

Haunting

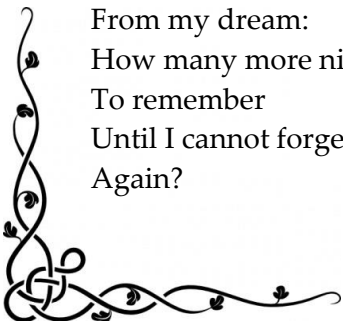
As the cry of the owl
Within the frost of night
When I walked to this stream
With no moon:

I saw your face as I waited for dreams,
Tired by my waiting:
You the ghost walking the path
Of my life.

Sun came, slowly, bringing
A little mist around the stream,
A spreading calm to make me stretch
And walk like an old man
Bent by cold and doubt.

Here in the valley no trees exist
To greet in wakeing this Winter's sun -
There is only frost-bruised heather
And fern,
No song
Of birds, only
The timbre of stream.

Slowly, cold-raw hands
Transform a little warmth
From my dream:
How many more nights shall I need
To remember
Until I cannot forget
Again?



To forgotten Gods

The Twilight Hours

Dark comes like death -
Creeping, to most
Just as houses sprout
Where oak, rain-washed,
Once grew
And nightjars rested.

At night
This valley glows:
Cars come, beaming white
Below sodium light;
Screens flicker
And only small children
Are scared of the owl.

Winter touches only briefly
Each house and its heat
As people watch, lazy,
Behind glass.

Only the humid heat of summer
Seems real
When young men watch
And women unbutton their blouse.

Autumn's leaves never fall
Very far:
Always a broom or a fire
Where each house carries
Its scars
And every car its waste;
Even the louts preen loudly



The Wandering Troubadour

There where neanderthals
Still nest.

The sacred trees do not speak
Anymore
Except briefly
When moon flames the night
Wind cries
And rain satisfies Earth:

But screens flicker
Houses grow
While dark comes creeping
Like Death.

Trees speak slowly, remember,
Like Earth

To forgotten Gods

Star Goddess

Even then a wise woman said
They who think beyond the Shadow
Of their Selves
Will live this understanding
Between the passion and the stars
Needing no more the possession
That binds the soul to Earth.

The wisdom sought will come
When we awake from our slumber
Not by words rousing us
But through a ritual's climax
Wherein the blackness is boiled
To a tincture
To reveal a star, a goddess
And our dream:
No more then those systems
That held us all in thrall
Since in sexual passion we caught
Such glimpses as sped us on
To where a Self was born.

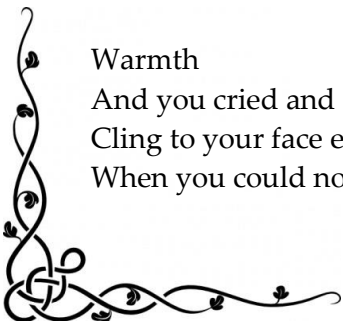
But even then a mage-man said
Beyond!

The Witch's Daughter

Rain
And you have cried
So many tears
Because you were alone:

Sleep
And tall the masted ship came
Bringing, storm-black, your precious child home
Who wished without knowledge
The rain silence
That would to your valley
Be a young witch's spell
And spread its wroth to the waves.

Sea
And you caught in foam faces
Each arm as they rose
Clasping meekly another scream home,
Deep down toward a cold
Welcome womb
That turned in tides.
Cold her sea wind
As you caught the cloud
That grew in your dream
And made you weave the white spell
Calling back Her thunder home -
Too late.



Warmth
And you cried and made sleep
Cling to your face each morn
When you could not wake:

To forgotten Gods

Anger
That made you write
On round pebbles a curse
That wrote the end date
For another woman's tomb.

Home
And you drank in deep
The mist of Prolley Moor
To celebrate the return of your gods:

Sun
While you walked crying
On the hill
Hearing in the hail
Your dead daughter's voice

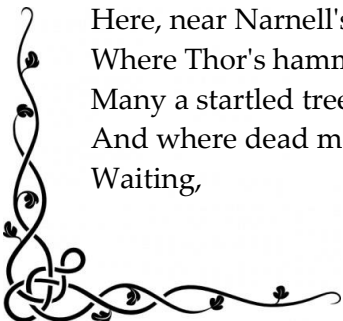
In The Valley

In the valley each rock
Is reduced by rain -
It runs, as small stones
Which will be soil
As I and all that I carry
Will be dead.

Was this valley a hill
Before water weathered
And each sheep trail was worn
Between fern and heather
And steep fern?
There are no people, today,
No noise lying like the dead crow
Wormed:

But there are gods,
If one knows where to look
And can tread the steep slopes
Of this hill.

Every road intrudes
Upon slow thinking rock.
Who tastes the silence that lies
As each Summer's green
Upon the broken rocks of rain?



Here, near Narnell's Rock
Where Thor's hammer struck
Many a startled tree
And where dead men lie like seeds
Waiting,

To forgotten Gods

Is neither day nor sun
Rain nor rock -
There is only the essence that exists
Because essence must:

There are no answers
Because no questions can exist -
Just as I am the rock which is me.

Yet there are gods, still,
If one knows where to look
And can climb the steep slopes
Of this hill

A Warm Day One Spring

In the hills
Where heat haze is scattered
By wind
Wisdom sits like the shepherd
Waiting;
No words suffice
While bleached bracken
Scratches beneath blue.

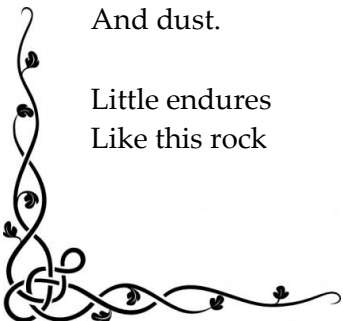
Nearby, heather sprouts
Where silty shales chewed
By frost
Crumble slowly like life:

There is no haste
Where eighty years of wind
Have twisted the small Douglas tree
Like this Peregrine twists
Itself in flight:

Somewhere a death

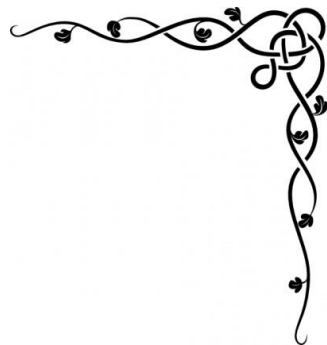
While on the road below
Two cars scurry
Noiseless like lice:
Soon they will rust
Just as I will be bleached bones
And dust.

Little endures
Like this rock



To forgotten Gods

Vagabond

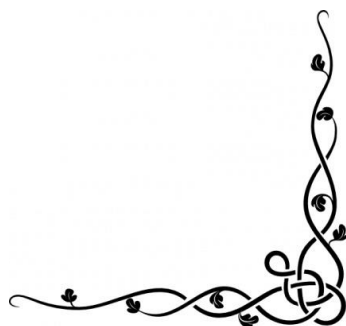


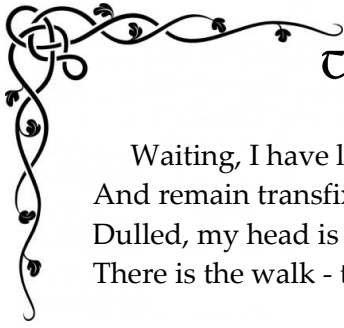
Peace -
This is mine, the longed sought for forests,
The tent, now hot, that leans
Toward the sun in expiation.

I am alone, bewitched between
Sun and storm,
Waiting.

These blistered hands fumble:
A broken pen to scratch away
And colour the space between each dream.
Last night I did not sleep, each
Broken twig and rustled leaf a dread
As I lay waiting for myself.
It was dark, and I could barely see
When I stood outside gesturing
To the moonless sky in anticipation
Of each friend who did not come:
I was alone, craving the brightness of dawn.

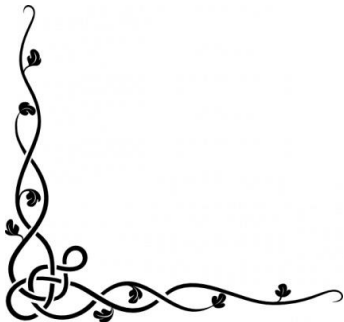
Peace, which is mine to create.
Yet it waits, this peace, within
The unmeasured hours: now useless, worn.
There is the walk; the tree-seat I have cleared
As a hermit should; the view. Perhaps
Some forgotten god will accept my pose
And leave an offering in words.
I will be alone, dreaming, trying to avoid
Again
The certainty of faith.
Tomorrow, there is always tomorrow.





The Wandering Troubadour

Waiting, I have lost the meaning of myself
And remain transfixed by the space before;
Dulled, my head is crowned by leaves.
There is the walk - the waiting



To forgotten Gods

Numen

Midges
Rising and swirling between
The sunlit hedges and the road:
Only a few high clouds to banish
The blue
As I stand in this lane
With only crow, dove and lark
To break
The almost sacred silence of Spring;
No noise, except
The songs of warming Earth.

No cars, lorries or coach
To spread the poison and the passion
That cities grow as tractors grow
To strangle trees of life.

The arms of the gate are broken
Wired in a sling
And I rest upon it
While sun warms and a slight cooling breeze
Brings more clouds to cover my blue.
The dew has not gone
While I wait whispering over fields
Ancient prayers to the wakening goddess
Of Spring -

Am I then Her priest
Who by waiting in peace
Keeps a little of her almost lost
Numen alive?



The Wandering Troubadour

Behind - the squawking crow
On the tree of oak
Is answered by lark
While a distant village clock,
Hidden as the village in the cleft of a hill,
Strikes as it marks
A morning hour.
A solitary bee passes
Slowly it seems
To bring alive a dream
Of last Summer.

Drops of dew become strophes for the sun
As I move
Slow and squinting like a Fool
Watching the red, yellow and green
Change to re-change my blue.....

Yet in the cities and the towns
Money, speed, loud music and time
Like night-terrors, drooling,
Slowly suck all bodies
Of their blood:
For there is no Spring,
There

To forgotten Gods

Awe

We who wander are drawn here
To this one place which is many
As water draws those uninitiated
Upon their illusive quest
For outward peace:

Here, where a dying leaf falls
To the pond in one of these few
Neglected woods where leave lie
Like flowers and mist swirls early
Sealing in this silence,
We the lost of gods
Are found.
Half-bare, the tessellated trees
Speak
Before their Winter sleep.
Such silence and speech were saught
Once.

But all trees die
Even here where the twisting ash
Does not spread its boughs
In shame:
They, the unreverent, have not yet unlearned
But live in speech and noise
Within each grossly lit infested city
Spreading forth to pick and break
The dying bones which once upheld
Their sky.

I am here alone again
As a mendicant to my gods

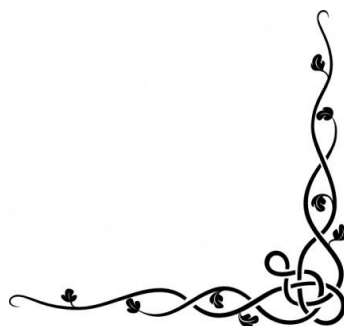


The Wandering Troubadour

Because I am the seeping silence
As I am my quiet but sometimes frenzied
Quest for life:
I like water am a contradiction
Of suppleness and strength.
I remember
And because I remember
I am bound by honour to these sleeping
Gods
As water is bound as a stream
Which fills yet drains this pond:

Shall I then - under moon and willfully
In mist -
Awaken They who sleep
To balance through suffering
The unwise deeds of the many,
Bringing back thus the awe?
Half-bare, the tessellated trees
Speak the spells I seek

To forgotten Gods





ОДК

Oak

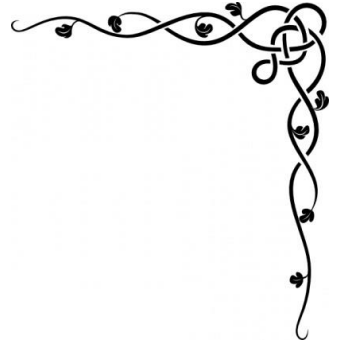
Will you remember me
In Spring
When warmth draws leaves
To your branches
And sweat to my body while I walk
Toward another hopeful Summer,
Wishing heat?

I was there - when
Winter made you
To sleep
And frost settled early in night -
Singing a lament to my gods
Because there was no one else
To recall
Those subtle energies sucked
By your roots from Earth:

Only a cloud, its transient face
A smile,
Thanked me for my song
Until the birds of sunset spoke
There where cattle grazed and waited
For their death around your almost
Earth-touching boughs
And a river flowed as river flows
Cutting time between banks
And measuring four centuries
For your girth.

So soon, her love was gone
And I was again as I often am

Oak



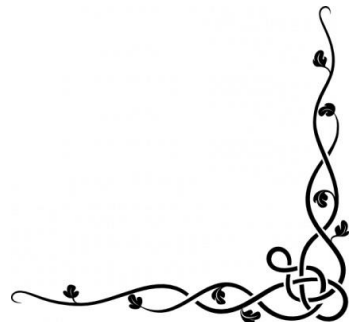
Alone to seek my gods
Since my words and my living in my head
Made me to her a stranger, mad

Will you remember them, you who once,
Many times, saw the sky comet-white at night,
You who stood, quietly, waiting,
For another one to hear again
Your song?

When will the sharpness be to sever me
To fall as all others here have fallen, dead?

So soon, our lives dry
Like frost
To make a mist
Beyond the day we lay ourselves down
And die:
And we forage to sow or take in seed
Forgetting
The Space within, the lives that wait beyond:

Each oak is a Sign



Only Relate

There is a simplicity in love
To help solve those difficult equations we impose
Upon our own problems of life:

There is nothing complicated about joy -
It is only an appreciation which takes us far beyond
The beginnings of our self
When we who still desired strove mightily
Against all other desires and our own.

Had we stopped, sat even, for moments, still,
We might have seen the clouds
Shape-changed by wind
As they passed above
There where even our street-hardened desire
Could not go.

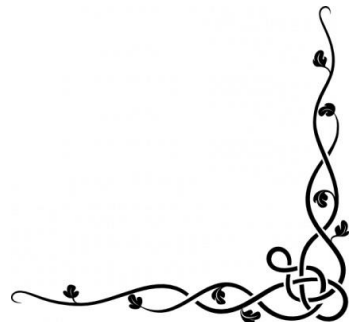
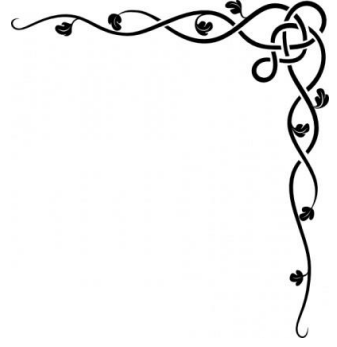
But we had to fight to prosper to live
And only in passion did we glimpse in moments a beauty
Beyond -
As when, satiated within our lover's arms,
Our being relaxed to journey in defiance of our life
To where some gods were born
While rain played as rain played upon those panes of glass
And a Church clock tolled its ten amid the morning city noise
In her Apartment
When we who waited warm in bed should long ago
Have been upon our way to work.

All religions were born from such answers
Before we lost the Vision in the words:
Each day we need to try to remember the questions

Oak

That brought such beauty
Perhaps once only
To our treasured space on Earth:

But can just one poem give just one waiting killer
Just one vision of a wider reality of life?



Abbey Ruins, Warm Autumn Day

Silence

Such peace I thought not possible

Upon my darkened Earth:

If I have need to answer the anger

Which is mine, I choose this stone

Worked, fallen and worked again

Until in sun it stands

Folly to my wise man's jest

That held so many with laughter.

If I have need to answer the violence

Which was mine I choose this silence

That speaks so eloquently of love:

It is ours, ours alone

When we cease.

An Early Autumn

There is sorrow, growing as the cumulus grows,
Threatening a summer storm
Just as there is the ineffable silence of sadness, within:
And I have, again, the knowing of how little I know
And just how great is my blame.

For she who for seven years past
Loved, tolerated, this fool
Stays
While I walked with my heavy sack of clothes
To travel to where a friend's floor is rest
While the humid night turns, ever more slowly, to day.

And there cannot be a return to our house the home, the life, the
sharing
Of our dreams born of her toiling love
While I, forgetful, self-absorbed, stumbled ever more foolishly on.
So I must remain, here, or more probably there which is somewhere,
new.

I have not learnt, as I did not remember the pains,
The tears, the pledges of a past of partings and death: I have no excuse
And will need to endure as the bird, wings downturned, endured
The early morning storm
That soaked its tree and made the village brook to rush upward
To almost overflowing as I once, many times, overflowed in the days
Of our sharing before my selfish darkness creepingly darkened our
joy.

No sun, now, to close my eyes in sleep as I lay upon a grassy bank
While threshing water threshes over stones, stilling
Both sentiment and thought;



The Wandering Troubadour

No: no sun, no warmth, only clouds, darkening, covering, making me
to walk

With my dried tears along a hedgeful lane
Towards the hard, cold, penitential door.

And she, too, will be alone, dreams treacherously slain
By this sinner

One Theme

I have loved, and in that one expression
Are memories enough to make this foolish man
Cry

Were they real, those times
When we together lay savouring
The music that filled the sun-filled room
Within a Summer's evening
Whose scent rose from our garden
To mingle between those breathless words
Of love?

Were they real, those moments
When we alone stood together
While the then unseen moon in creeping darkness
Crept higher
To spread some seeping light
Upon a rain soaked lane where I in haste
Walked, warm with anger,
Having scorned your angered
Yet anxious face?

Were they real, the insults traded
Breaking in fractured greyness the memory
Of all the wordless moments shared
As when by this river we walked
Among the snowy ice one Spring
To watch the moon: pleased and pressing
Warm bodies together as our breath
Made clouds of laughter and I
Without shame cried a music's tears?



The Wandering Troubadour

Was it real, that symphony
That was our lives?
There was no ending, then, no scores
Complete:
Only a few bars as letters
Some themes, frozen in fading photographs.

Are they real, these words to help me
Compose the promises of life
While a red sun falls mist-slowly
Below the crimsoned cloud
And brief flames of flaming colour
Flame a dim horizon
While music plays, alone, to try and presence
Some god within our empty home?

You are gone
And I beneath moon in gibbeous silence
Wait watching for stars to stab
This darkling night
As our river clasps in coldness
Your letters and fading photographs

Oak

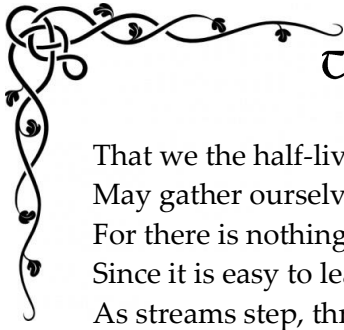
The Passing

Each Spring re-assures
Just as every cloud is re-made
By rain:
We are isolated and unique
Since every passion is only an answer
In part
When we who could be gods
Waste that precious moment of life.

Each Spring re-assures
With its warmth
And we can walk where few feet
Travel
And fewer words are born
Between rock and sky
Where Time, even Time, settles
And forgets to announce:
Only stream, moor and breeze
While seeds settle to grow,
By themselves.

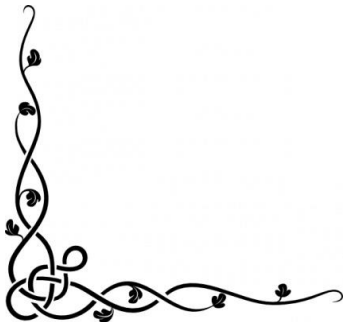
Each Season brings a Cause
Where rootless rocks that are cities
Rise through the rain
And the sorrow of wisdom
Becomes brittle then broken through words:
Each Season renews
As that which lives must surely die
Leaving silence to take us like a path
To where rocks merge with moor.

Each Spring re-assures



The Wandering Troubadour

That we the half-living
May gather ourselves in calm:
For there is nothing difficult about life
Since it is easy to learn to step
As streams step, through moor



Oak

Playing Bach

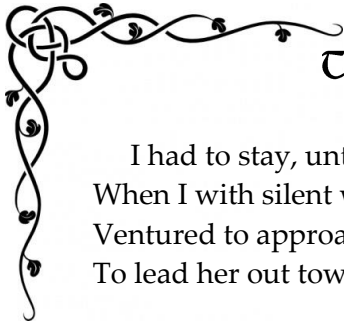
Sun fades while equinoxal leaves fall
To gather, wind-strewn, on the greens
And muddy browns of Earth where trees rear up
To soften the stark brick, concrete and stone
Of a new annexe to this old but finely built campus:

I walk to try to gather peace,
Away from the beating noise
That falls from student rooms:
On stone steps a gaggle has gathered
To discuss in loud voices
And I wander to a hopefully silent Chapel.

I have no sentence of undisputed meaning
To describe the feeling
As I entered to hear the organ playing Bach:
There was no Time
No century of belonging
Only a leaving in an inward implosion
As I stood, unaware of who or what I was.

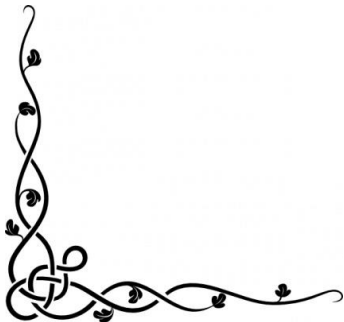
But she was real, this goddess
Who played with thin fingers
Creating in an instant a divinity
Of love
Her wraithlike form almost swathed in black:
She looked up, once, as I sat astounded,
And smiled in concentration.

I, remembering
The future, the present
And the past.



The Wandering Troubadour

I had to stay, until her music stopped
When I with silent words in rehearsal
Ventured to approach
To lead her out toward the gathering dark



Oak

Street Dream

Wind cannot whisper in towns:
It is condemned to wander
Twisting around the winding streets
Burdened then lost
By bustle and noise:

No one to hear the words
That are not words but feelings perplexing
In movement and sound.
No one to share the one remaining silent hour
When Dawn in Summer breaks
And no metal lice crawl noisy
Along streets -

No one, except
She who sits in a Park
Weeping softly the words of her woe:
The promise promised in youth
Is gone, broken
Like the skin of her face
By hands that are hardened hands
Calloused on life.
Long gone, the pains - but not the beatings
Of her past as the puss of memory
Suppurates to seep
To scar the vulnerable tissues
Of her dreams.

Yet she does not hear
The soft warm wisdom of the wind:
Only the footsteps, fearful,
Heading her way:



The Wandering Troubadour

Once, as girl, she had sat
While a hot sun in a Summer's Park
Drew sweat from her sun-browned
Burgeoning body
As she dreamt her dreams of love.
But hands held suddenly her throat
And tore off her dress
While no warm wind carried
Her screams away -
He had laughed, while she cried.

There is no forgetting the pains
Of her past
And she runs to where a rotting house
Hides the burden of her husband's drunken flesh:
But there is always a Film or some book
To marry her dreams with her day.

Yet the sun breaks, still,
Although the wind cannot whisper its wisdom
In towns.

Oak

The Dying

I might die on these moors:
No trains in the distant valley would stop
Just as no one would vow
Revenge.

Would it be easy, dying?
Only the cold day in Winter
Might change
Just a little
When the sun shines into blue
And white wisps of cirrus
Gather to briefly signal the change.

All that is, is balanced
Caught Like this Sunday hour
Early
When people sleep
And sun just stretches past hill.

But all hills must die, even mine,
Straddled as they are between roads
Invisible and seen
Leading to where there is a profundity of excuse
With the name of some city or some town.

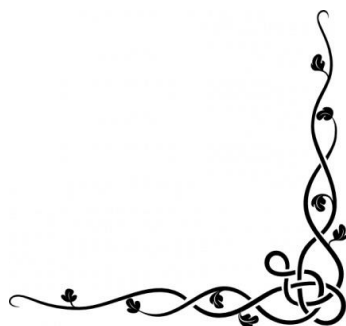
But there is wisdom here
Where wind stirs great storms of snow
And a Summer sun burns the summer Men
Who leave cars to tramp
A little
While the fine weather or their humour
Lasts.



The Wandering Troubadour

It might be difficult to die here,
With worlds still unknown.

Oak





WOMEN, WAR, AND WORK

Dirty Work

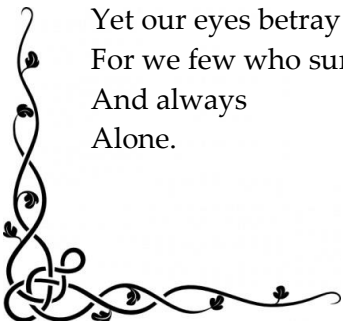
Weary and sleep inclined
I watched the pools of rain
Upon a roof below a corridor
White, quiet and quite empty.

A calmness of concentration came
As I aimed and made the kill, again.
There, a bleeding body
While, somewhere, trees buds were bursting
With the Spring.

I had killed, knitting in space-time
A synchronicity since it was only
One family's loss
But civilization's gain.

The choice was never hard
Since Thought can never act
And in Action without Thought
Lies a perfect bliss.

But the Dragon stayed
While only I moved on:
They - the politicians - could still cry
For they forget our memories,
The things that we did in their name.



Yet our eyes betray our loss
For we few who survived are forever
And always
Alone.

We Who Live for Triumph

There is a moment of blinded silence
Below that deep blue sky
Of Summer
Before the blast-wave blew me over
Bringing again that joy of life:
But whose the severed limb, shoe-wearing,
That landed here among the bloodied rubbled dust?

There was a building, there, among a crowded chosen street,
A superbly-crafted device detonated
To bring some people's dream one memorable moment
Closer:
How many deaths, this time,
To balance the deeds
Of their past?

There is no grief, within me, and even the brief smile of satisfaction
Is gone to leave that knowing which knows
Each war - real, made, implied - for the ecstasy it is
As we who live for triumph
Gather up our selves to stalk
Those shadowed spaces where few dare
To dream:
I, we, a becoming...

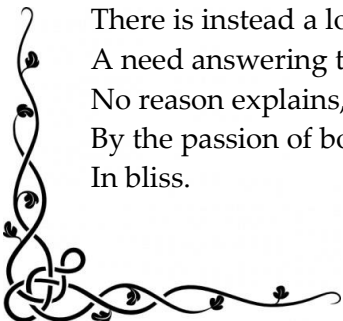
The Silent Wisdom

Women, bringing with their bodies, a desire
To break each new resolution:
There is an ineffable magick
When eyes meet
And my aura senses
The air.....

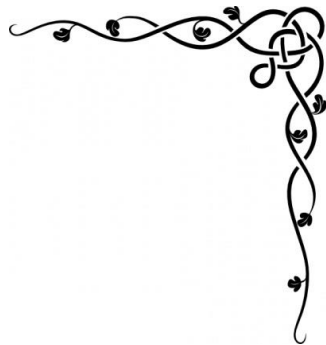
I remember
How she walked along the crowded street
In Summer, her clothes keeping decency
The way their texture revealed her shape.
I remember her eyes, her face
Revealing a hope
Within

It does not seem to matter that she is older
Or younger than me
As it does not matter that I
Or she or we are bound by other memories
Born before that meeting when the moment became
The present imbued with the majesty of dreams
Perfumed by some god:
I am lost, in that moment, caught
By the spell of those eyes.

It is no simple lust, born of my flesh:
No simple desire, to enjoy.
There is instead a love:
A need answering the need of our eyes.
No reason explains, but all barriers seem broken
By the passion of bodies nakedly meeting
In bliss.

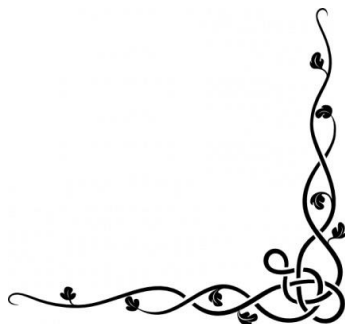


Women, War, and Work



There is only my touch, my kiss, our voice.
I am no fool, mistaking my image for theirs -
They are real, different, and alive;
They teach me, have taught me,
That silent wisdom that often alas
Becomes hidden by lies:

There is much that is beautiful
But nothing that surpasses the beauty some women
Reveal
Through their eyes



The first Time

Dark, that night, as our clothes
As we two crept, predator-taut and bomb-ready, to our target:
Glass breaking before the searing lights, fire
Of our explosion.
A scream, a human scream, as she, trapped inside
Sears in heat, to death,
Soon gone:

No time to think now, to feel:
I must run, fast, faster, along some street
To safely hide
Away.

And there is pride, next day, as news breaks
As we two, bound in deep trusting silence, part
To lead our lives
Again.
It is good that no one knows:
There is defiance, deeds done to glorify our Cause
To bring that day of Triumph
Near.
No remorse:
Each deed an Act of War.

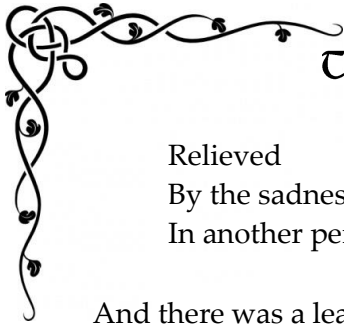
One Answer

Sitting quietly in high Summer
While the river flows
Is peaceful, for an hour;
But any longer, and we who wish
Cannot wait to abstain:
We must be gone or find a goal
To satisfy such haste.

There was a man, dying from his age
As his flesh and organs failed:
He did not seem to mind this
 I've had a good innings
Except, sometimes, the pain.
He would lay, slowing breathing
And sometimes smiling in his bed
While we who waited on the living
And the dying
Cared
As our time, tiredness and allocations
Allowed.

Every two hours, on the Ward, still living bodies
Would be turned
To remove just one more soiled sheet
While the heat of Summer through half-open
Windows
Mingled with the smells
And the oozing from freshly sutured
Flesh:

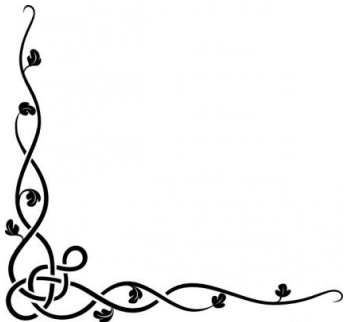
But each dark moment was almost always
(If you watched)



The Wandering Troubadour

Relieved
By the sadness or the smile
In another person's eyes.

And there was a learning
In such simple glimpses,
Shared.



Africa Recalled

Where, among these books that breed like flies
Are bred from a carcass in the bush,
Are the meanings which once girded our lives
And led us like supplicants
To the slaughter?
There was a special meaning, there
While bullets parted our desire
From our death
And the torrid sun lay breathing
Between the hills of mist.

It is forgotten, like the natives soon
Forgot why we the forgotten fought
Amid the mud with the flies of heat sucking
Our blood of life.
Memory, like money, fades:
Each beauty becomes dulled
Without the fulfilment
That our projected image promises
But never brings:
And our women will forever weep.

Once, words spoke but now
They speak no more
Since what was treasured is profaned
Through the profanity of use
Just as in action without thought
The wordless meaning fulfilled
And we who remained were glad
When each morning brought the news
From our body to our brains:
We are alive, still, thanks



The Wandering Troubadour

To our gods...

How could we, as civilians, re-adjust?
Was there a meaning in clouds,
In waiting because such waiting reminds?
But there is truth in desiring desire
Which we ourselves may not
Yet always should strive to fulfil
Through the actions which endanger life
Since we have only to release our hidden self
To become that being-beyond
Which all great striving
Brings.

But
Every warrior desire breeds
Another death
While every quiet and dreary peace fulfils
From its beginnings
The sulking coward who lies in wait
Within.

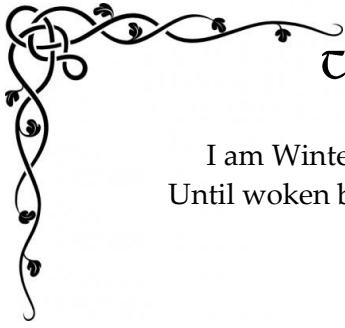
Shadow Game

In her every room: shadows
Cast in those moments I have never shared;
Whose the laughter, whose the hand
That gestures to leave impressions
Upon her favourite velvet dress?

Chilling - this cold of evening
Which, as my memories, makes me not wish
To stay
But cycle away, fearing what I might do.
In the dark, I sit
While a river, swollen, passes
Not gently
By.
It is my soul, this river -
Swirling, of tempest and full:
Perhaps more exertion will lay a part
Of my love to rest.

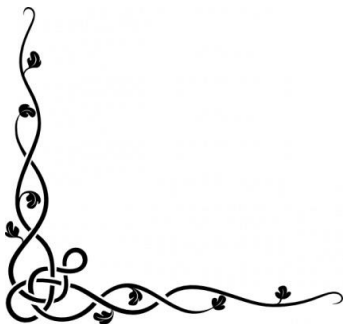
I had gone, unannounced, unexpected,
To see them kiss as they stood
Near her window.

Each false Spring is a lesson
Which Nature slowly learns
As harsh Winter in returned
When stark frost, chilling,
Creeps to crack some bursting buds:
Poems cannot change this
Just as Summer is not Summer
Without Spring -



The Wandering Troubadour

I am Winter,
Until woken by Spring



Creation

The world, like our shadows,
Skulks

What is this Her perfume, civit,
Death to stability wished once, perhaps many times,
With love
As that spring within Sidi Bel-Abbes
Which brought forth many dreams of Destiny?

What is this Her fragrance, dark,
Death to domesticity
By which the Widowmaker marks
Her prey?

What is this Her missive miasmic
That, remembered, wakes men from their sleep
And takes them to stand sighing
While the war-white moon rises
To those old songs of blood
Often heard upon a world never innocent
Even within its womb of creation?

What is this Her body music
That spreads forth from an almost dark Abyss -
Life's breath to a cosmos almost dying
Because of peace?

What is this, alive, like the whore's gentle words
Who once, perhaps many times, forgetting her self spoke
With her naked body and perfumed hair
A nine-fold story of bliss eternal beneath a starry sky
Within a room always tawdry?



The Wandering Troubadour

Now, one hears only the sadness
Arising from a premature old age
Unlike those leaves one duelling Autumn
That once I alive beyond myself
Left soaked by another's blood
To fructify the womb with creation
Bringing thus a Spring

Now, one is tuned almost from birth
To hear only the sighs
From the deeds of a past -
Or not to hear at all -
Whereas I remember
Her ecstatic effusions orgiastic
Which brought us Her gifts:
For I am echo of some others and myself
And arrive to return a favour,
Drenched in blood

But, like Her, I do not expect to be
Understood

A Call Shall Waken

Still Her star-beams speak
Within the forest glade
Of how my dark-self sleeps, back to Earth,
And waiting in a cave

Atop the Moor: a wind, howling
Below frost-making stars.
There seems an understanding here
Where Sky meets goddess Earth
While I walk remembering the salacious warmth
Of you:

So soft, your touch
I was helpless and lost
Within my desire for you.

I waited for your heart and mind
To engage:
I was missed by bullets, then
When they came too close
(See, the scar)
And ever since I have lived the Abyss
Ready to laugh
And carrying my home on my back.

An African sun taught me patience.
There we were, bush weary and dry
Like a broken well
Threading our way at night
Toward a foreign shore,
Our comrades dead.
True, it was a slow journey, and terrible:



The Wandering Troubadour

What are words, after that?

There was music in you
Which engaged me
Filling my space with desire:
Such moments never die
But like Her moon are born again
To make new lovers sigh.

Still, Her star-beams speak
Within my forest glade
Of how my dark-self sleeps, back to Earth,
Cave-waiting for some war.

As An Example Barbir

A man's fate is a man's fate
And life is but an illusion

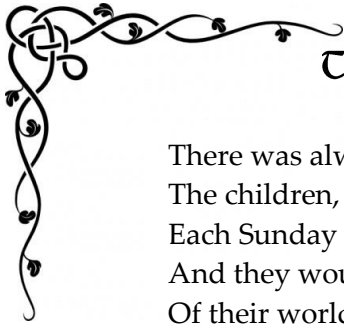
How is your husband? -
The face in the street smiled.
He died, last week

While a small hospital
Of no repute was bombed

Every writer has their cause
Where words without the warmth
A Winter sun secures
Ensnare:
No experience drips, as frost
From a leaf when warm breath
Casts itself from itself
And the child-man smiles
Atop the bleak sequestered hill
Where snow folds with silence:
Every bomb is a clue
While children cry

A tyrant's whim was only a whim
Since he at least must die
But an idea's fate is an idea's fate:
They seldom die
Lying like pain in wait

The old woman cries
While she lies in her bed awake:
For sixty years her care carried her;



The Wandering Troubadour

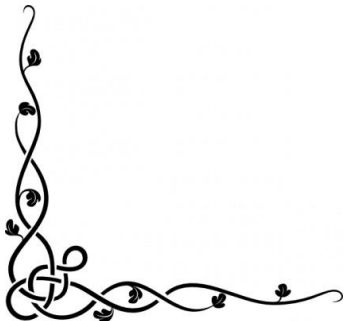
There was always the house,
The children, the neat garden trimmed by a hedge.
Each Sunday would be real
And they would sit, enjoying the warmth
Of their world

He died, last week
Before the leeches sucked their house
"In a Home" the face like her youth said
"It is warm, and in Winter we will come."
Oh my daughter what have you done...

Every person has their Cause
When deeds drip like blood
Just as every City is a snare

Can you remember you who skirted
That path and walked like Leonidas
Once,
Can you remember the warmth
That drew Cities from Stone?
Is there no forgiving for the dreams
Of our past? No remembering of skulls
Cracked to help those cracking
To remember a question, just one question
About Life?

There is no goal worthy
For which a City might live:
But I remember the City
We might build to the stars



Forget

There is a sadness about some wisdom
That can seldom be shared:

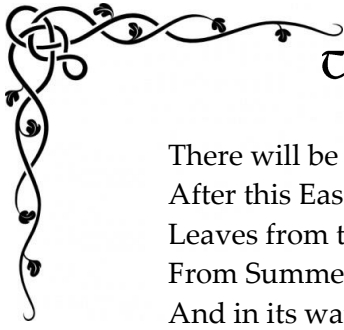
It is the peace beyond exertion when the forgotten
Dark goddess become holy
Again.

There are no homeward paths, turning;
No cities or towns:
Only hills, moors, mountains
Lake, forest and stream.

This morning in April is cold
And I listen, hearing
The Chorus of Spring
As I wait in a quiet lane shunted between
Two traffic-filled roads.
Above, the tree-bound leaves creep
To slowly spread in a time-dance of space
I cannot normally see:

We easily forget, in distractions,
Who gave us our birth
And the suffering and blood
Which allows us this peace
To stumble forward from our childhood
To our youth.

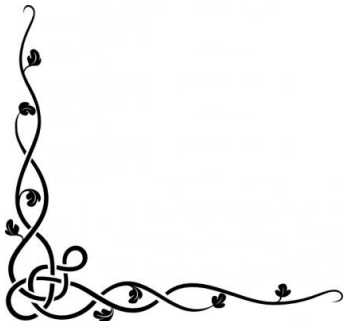
I wait, sitting
On damp grass
With my feet almost crushing
A flower.



The Wandering Troubadour

There will be warmth, soon,
After this East wind has gone -
Leaves from this Oak making shade
From Summer sun:
And in its warmth I shall forget
The stark extremities
Of the deaths I alone caused
That night.

I am at peace, for the moment,
While the cold silence lasts
And can remember those forgotten gods
Who brought us Wisdom,
Once



Once The Hero

The glass of wine is dry
The music done:
There is the evening, the dark
Some pursuit to fill the hour.

Yesterday, many years ago, my goal
Glowed before me, unending yet precise:
I would walk the streets
Swaggering from school to home
And home to school knowing each day
For the impostor it was;
I alone like a god possessed a goal
Worthy of my death.
But it would taunt me, this goal,
And I in gladness would scorn the Cross
That held other people's pain
The way the poet holds each poem
Inside their head

I would wander from battle to peace
Wondering when my god would give me
A good war, again

We in triumph, years past school,
Would gather up our slogans
Swagger from street to Inn and Inn to street
Each sneer a broken head, each fist
A flail: there was the speech
The sacred banner which we in gladness
Swathed in beery song
While others watched and mourned
Each moment the passing of respect:



The Wandering Troubadour

We, the future!

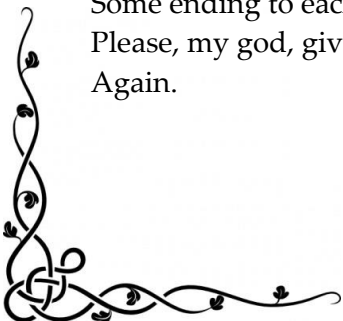
My glass of wine is dry
The music done
This cottage airs despair;
I alone who saught the warrior god
Am done, tired from too much silence
Too little violence.
Each day holds an equation
I cannot solve since I do not wish
To solve myself with Peace.

I in triumph might try to gather words -
High Priest, perhaps the Mage -
While he who is always me
Would laugh, gather up his gun
And kill.

I am dry, my music done.
Only thoughts keep death away
Yet it is my thought, its damned
Insistence, which rains away
The shallow soil of goals:
Book or poem, nirvana-God,
All are dry, mumbling words
As a madman at full moon.

O God give us a good war

There is the evening, the dark
Some ending to each hour:
Please, my god, give me a good war
Again.



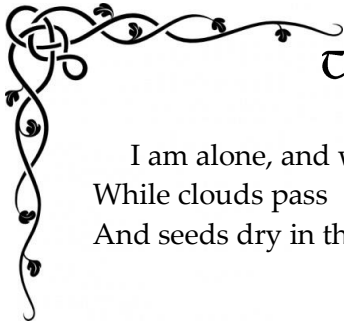
One Memory

Shimmering
The pool still reflects the sun
As wind unsettles mud
Where wood and water meet.
Spring waits while clouds
Scutter sun:
Above, two ospreys dive, almost dancing
As they call.
I am alone

And sit an hour, listening,
As streams flows into lake.

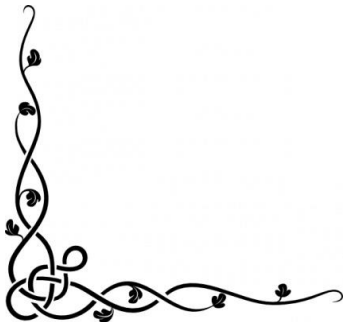
By the water, a single flower
Turning to sun.
You are gone and I in lonely nights
No longer cry:
There is the memory of our Summer.
My love fell like leaves, broken
By the season of your doubt,
Yet every year vitality is renewed
Born upwards to meet sun
And I grow, promising myself
Next Spring.

All loves creates, and rejection
Is only the false promise of Spring
When all life, burgeoning,
Is deceived by brief sun
As deep snow comes to cover
The flowers and the green.



The Wandering Troubadour

I am alone, and wait
While clouds pass
And seeds dry in the sun



In Memoriam Camerone

Red skirt below black blouse she passes
With her smile

*Contact Hospital Urgent
Daughter Seriously Ill*

Recalling memories from a warm Spring
Night
When once I loved:
What is this within my hand?

*Regret Inform You
Daughter Died Today.*

File as Form P158
As drains my office day
Toward death

"Five Duty lapsed"

Spreading no rumours
Of doom.

What has one left
Save the urgent ululations
Of dreams that once
On a hot summer's day
In a country far distant
Sent a youth rushing into arms
Where innocence was taken
Like this woman - whose black blouse
Hides beautiful breasts -



The Wandering Troubadour

Takes these forms that are only forms
Bereft of life.

What has one but the ways
That once were learned
When I learnt how bullets
Turned a body and how some women
Bore within their clothes burning
Hearts

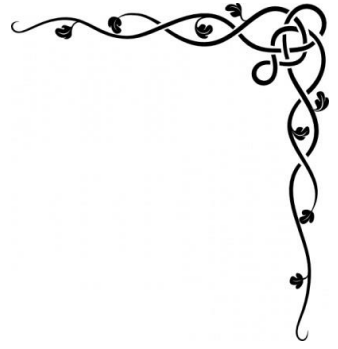
"Calculator, please"

What have I left save the passing passion
Moment that soon will pass toward a future
Full of regrets unlike that day now distant
When Spring leapt into my life
Stirring tears in a man too full to dream
Amid a city sun and body sweat
That held no promise but my own.

What have I left
Save the silent spinnings of Destiny
Gold beneath gods
That once others followed
In a country far distant
As Degueudre bled tears before Jeanpierre
While a world scorned all rumours of doom.

But, returning, my lover smiles
And sighs, softly:
"Where shall we go tonight?"
While red below black, beads bounce
Upon her breasts
And her shapely shadow touches mine
Recalling dreams from our damp

Women, War, and Work

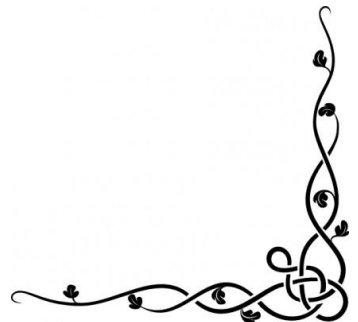


Dependable night.

What is this now within my hand?

Regret to inform you, I resign

For I'm the damned
Bound for another land



Cold

Like memories, snow falls
With no sound
While I stand as Winter frosts
My feet
And a cold hand holds itself ready
Near a pen:

The birds, though starving, still sing
Here where trees and snow seat themselves
On hill
And the slight breeze beings to break
My piece of silence
Down.

Her love seemed only real
With its loss

Above the trees, crows cawing
As they swirl
Within the cold

Love

It is difficult, this understanding
Of my love:
I have to rise every morning
With the intention of our future
Moulded as some sculptors mould
Their souls around a form
That Will soon powers to a shape
In Time.

It is difficult, this sharing
Of each dream that makes her to journey
To the joining of our selves
And spills desire the way some music
Spills some notes to form the suggestion
Of some god:

There is no journey bribed by dread
No sea that sets the horizon
As the yearning of the dead sets
The seal to future Time;
There is no calling and no called:
No passing and no one passed
Since there is no you or I to understand
The laked reflexion of each moon.

But I forget, and need to remember
At each new beginning of each new
Dream which is the beginning of our
Love.

There are no words needed
As there are no excuses



The Wandering Troubadour

For the failures of some Art:
It is difficult, this speaking
Of my love.

Giving Praise

There is an answer which is nothing grandiose:
It is only the sharing of moments
When the inner and the outer coincide,
For there is a simplicity in moments
Which seldom divides:

There was a sunset one Summer's day
When I sat, near exhaustion, on warm grass
By a winding lane having achieved a small goal
For my life; it was good, the weather,
While I cycled two hundred miles under sun:
She was there, waiting with water,
And it did not seem to matter that around us
The world continued with its roles:
There was nothing more, in that moment,
No words, ideals, visions or vicarious desires.

There was, is only the presencing of a past:
All love is such a sharing
When the moment becomes defined
Not by dreams leading us
But by the immediacy of each moment so defined
Since there is wisdom in the conscious understanding
Of all such hidden bliss.

But I am no Artist, my hands cannot lie:
I have only these words to praise
The subtle energy that brings a beauty
When our feelings and our memories
Make our moments coincide.

Destroyed

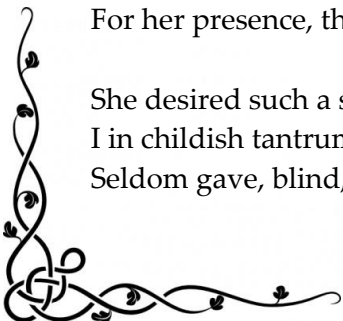
I have destroyed her.
Through my own immature selfishness,
My hypocrisy,
I leeched away her love, her kindness,
To leave only the sadness and the debts:

It is so simple, she said,
A year ago in warning:

The most important thing is love

But I was as I always was
So arrogantly sure I knew, I understood,
That I heard her words without knowing them
Just as I listened without hearing
While giving glib replies in response:
Always, always, some idea, some cause - an illusion -
Led me on.

There is no excuse, I know
Too late to change what is, what was
As she sleeps, now confined, ill
With no love - real, clinging, caring - to break
The clinical bleakness where she dwells.
And I - cast out before then by agreement -
Wait here, over eighty miles distant, alone with no family, no home:
Tears, wine, the music of memories a fair if unaccepted exchange
For her presence, the touch, her laughter, that smile.



She desired such a simple, selfless love
I in childish tantrums of unimportance
Seldom gave, blind, blinded

Women, War, and Work

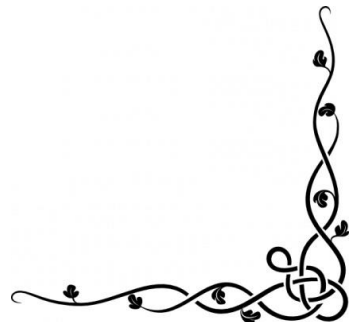


By years-long dreams, of Destiny.

I have no excuse, and must carry the knowledge
Of such terrible suffering caused;
Hoping in hope of forestalling some person's future pain
By words such these words forming as cloud form
Earth-slowly.

But the world, the wine, in a suicide of sickness
Conspire to make me forget:
Yet I must, must, strive to remember
For to forget is to demean, to descend down in darkest cave-darkness
To who, and what, I was
Before.

But now: now, all I wish and need
Is to die
As if my dying might end my knowing, my pain
And bring my wife back
To happiness and to health





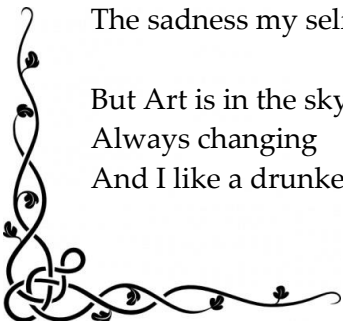
SANDESMAN

Sitting

Bands of cloud draw colour
To cross then curve
Then block this Winter's blue.

It is appealing, sitting by a tree
While moving air moves
If only slightly
The lane-side sleeping weeds and grass.
Above, a silent battle
As high air masses collide:
But it is still, here where I sit,
For no vehicles pass
And only hunger reminds me to move.

No pressure of Time,
No routine to know:
Only a knowledge of the bitter weather
Waiting, to come.
There will be starkness, again, in the dark
When I shivering shall curl
In all of my clothes and wait for warmth
By walking
At Dawn.
And there shall be no songs of birds
No smile:
Only a wish for warmth, a wife, a home;
For there is sadness in remembering
The sadness my selfishness caused.



But Art is in the sky, above:
Always changing
And I like a drunken man

Sandesman

Sway
As I drink the elixir in.
I, a moving Thought
Living suspended
Between Her twilight and what may be
My own coming Dark.

Every impression is creation
Along The Way:
I cannot die
But only change this soil-bound form
As a river from rain-cloud grown.

A forest Clearing

The sunset is solemn:
Iridescent clouds prism
A Solstice sun;
There are the crows twisting black
Against blue forcing the Kestrel
Down.
Each silence is solemn.

I had thought of challenge,
Sleeping as I lay witching
Within the forest hut: there would be
Sport, the challenge of each Time
That left no one to answer
The unasked questions from each Age.
I would ask each day for its beneficence
So I alone could keep silence
The way the Mage kept each year
His vow;
There would be sadness in solitude,
An image carved of Man
And each Winter would fashion my face
With lines
The way the Kestrel kept its prey
Despite its crowd.

I was stirred, each week,
With endurance, keeping meanings
As though all silence was an answer
For all time:
Each Summer found me tired
Inured as I was to water
Chilled by my stream:

Sandesman

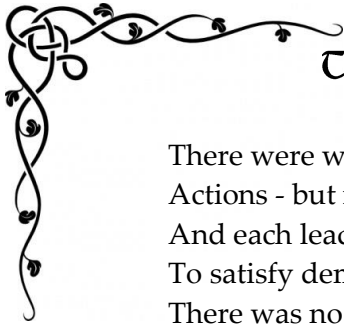
There was always something that kept
Me strong while I carved my gifts
With life

Berries on a bush
A solemn Solstice sun

So many years wasted, polishing
Each gift.
It was no use - I tried to sell them
Through the market of my words
Until, cleaned - with
The wise man's beard, the warlock's smell,
The sunken eyes of sleep -
I left those streets of Man.

For I was a stranger, too late for gods
Too early for empathy,
Wasting away from words
The way each city, each town, wasted time
Among streets
Controlling anything that was loose
Or looked of life:
They were lost
Trapped between sounds which saught
To satisfy a lust and deeds
Which defied death
Until disgust became divine
And divinity disgust:

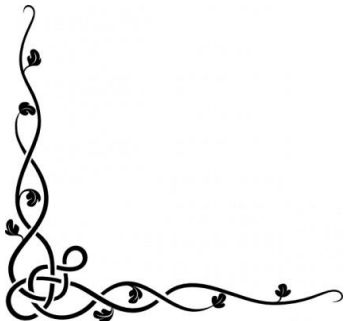
There was nothing noble left
Save the safely sanitized recordings
Of a past that kept a certain balance
Between the profit and the loss
Of each new fashioned faith.



The Wandering Troubadour

There were words - no truth;
Actions - but no path
And each leader defined a goal
To satisfy demand.
There was no clearing
As there were no ways
Inside their wood
Each tree defining limits
For their life.

So I am alone, as I arrived,
My question unrecalled.
There is no challenge,
No sport to pass the time:
Only a year of silences
That fill the empty page
The way the kestrel filled its young
With prey.
There is the sky,
Each iridescent cloud,
A solemn Solstice sun



Lee-Hill Wind-Sheltered

He remembered when there were no cars
And when the cherry handle of his hoe,
Five feet long, was smoothly new
Fifty years gone
In those days when he would climb
To hill-top field to sit leaning against
The Great Oak while Summer's clouds made shade
Ten miles distant on the high curving hill above the cold cottage
Which bore his birth:

Then, it was good to lie beyond the half-hour
Allotted to eat, to rest, as that day when cider-induced sleep
Kept him restful in leaf-shade warmth until annoying flies
Woke him.
But there was no one, for miles - no boss to scowl - and he was free to
stretch
To return to wear away the cherry handle of his hoe
While larks rose as larks rose, singing high
In the heat of Summer.

But now, breathless, he stoops, lee-hill wind-sheltered
To lean against the fence and view
This valley of his birth.

There, the farm, smoke from two chimneys rising,
Where each early morning he arrived for work,
Walking the short lane miles from home
Where his mother, then sister, kept house
And cooked his tea, and where he slept, awakened,
Set off from, returned to, every day of every year
Five decades past.



The Wandering Troubadour

There, three hill-folds and two lanes to the left
And older than his great-great-great grandfather's settling family
That warm, welcoming Inn which for fifty years has seen him
Evenings after work.

There was a barmaid, once, he briefly courted
But May came, bringing new blood to the town beyond
And she left to leave him walking, sleeping, for two days
By Great Oak while the contents of three flaggons lasted.
He went there, once, twice, to that town.

But now, cold, wind-dried, he calmly views the valley
Of his youth, his life:
There, the memories
When few cars came.
But now, now town-ways spread, growing as houses grow in the
distant village
To the right
Bringing as cars bring a changing to this life.

And there are only dark clouds, and the cold rain of damp Winter
To cover the quiet remembered Sun of youth.

Sandesman

Even Here

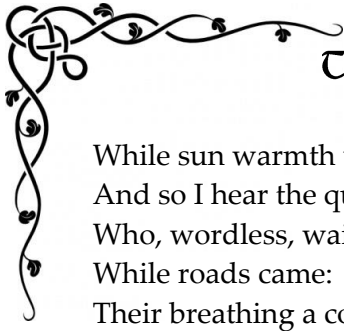
Even here, the river of noise can be heard:
Even here aside the copse atop the hill
A thousand feet above the road, two miles distant,
Whose vehicles carry their captive beings rushing
To another journey.

From here, the Marches hills - snow covered -
Quietly wait while all kinds of being
Pass, cover, crawl upon, despoil, enrich their soil:
Knowing as such hills do through their rearing, breathing silence
The passing that is every being's death.
So they wait, wordlessly waiting,
Breathing

While high in the pure, bright blue above
Sleek machines of silver streak the sky
But briefly, with white:
I cannot hear them as they, that way, then back,
Carry their captive beings rushing
To another journey.

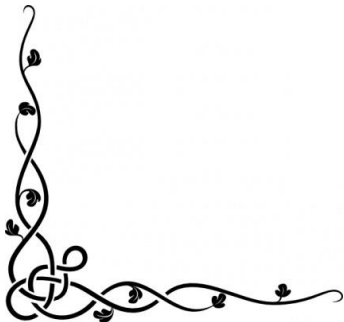
Even here, the river of noise is heard
So I move to rest among this Winter's trees
Where the cold hill air, moving, moves
Their few dried, dead, brown-clinging leaves,
Scratchily rustling where branches creek, singing
Amid the squawking
Of crows:

So there is a mask, here, to mask such traffic noise,
A tree space where warming sun bears down
As I - dead branch for pillow - lie among an Autumn's gold



The Wandering Troubadour

While sun warmth warms my hands, my face:
And so I hear the quiet dream of hills
Who, wordless, waited,
While roads came:
Their breathing a connection to another machine-less Space.



Pride Among a Universe of Stars

Is it pride, the illusion of knowing more than we know:
Our false if certain belief that we can, must, change what is
Because what will be, might just be better?

Is it such things, such ways, which upset that natural balance
Of life leading
To suffering?

For there is only that living which accepts
The land, the sun, the weather, the toil to live
Drawing nourishment from Her soil:
Too fast, this modern machine-city life
Where we no longer dwell amid the slow changes
That slowly break from this planetary tilt and turn
Where we live balanced between sky and earth
With feet, only feet, to carry us slowly to only where
We have a nurtured need to go,
Out, out, among the small ancestral space
Of a land which is our home.

Instead, now, that manic pace constrains, conflicts,
Providing only an unconnected passing
Between our beginning and an immature end
Where we do not know, do not feel, Her slow nurturing love
Renewed each warm Spring, each Summer's heat,
Gift of our nearest star
Whose essence, as a father, made us.

Instead: we kill, we strive, are proud to know,



The Wandering Troubadour

Preening ourselves at the mirror of Destiny.
There is thus no straight evolution, no upward living
To the thinking, dwelling, where our Earth is but one place, one home,
Among so many
And we centre ourselves between our darkness and their welcoming
light.
Instead: we continue to kill that which we cannot create
Blessed then cursed by Her gift of Thought,
Unable, unwilling to grow as trees grow, rooting themselves
In Her earth.

Nearby, chainsaw-man sets about the hedge, the tree, with a will
Killing what he cannot create:
But it is only one small, one more, Winter space
Home to a myriad things;
There is no thought, there, of Winter berries food for wing-borne
life:
No thought of insects waiting on Winter's end:
No thought of buds sleeping, waiting, for Her warming
wake-up call:
No thought of tree alive as he lives:
Instead, there is killing, striving, the pride that knows.

Will we, can we, mature, live, ever dwell, centered, between our
darkness, the light
Of a Cosmos burgeoning with stars waiting to welcome their
grown-up children home?

Sandesman

Snow

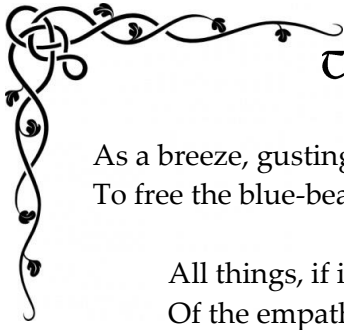
Snow, hill-whitening, while a cool sun journeys
Slowly
Beyond the cloud
That touches the Mynd in a slow dance
Of beauty.

There is a moment, of youthful hope:
A Thrush to descend down to pick
The storm-red berries from a grey-green tree
Of holly
Stout, strong, from more than ten-score sun-warmed
Summers.

It is the twilight time, of life:
There is no music, no painting, no books in preparation
For this
As if the labours of those who artfully laboured
Went unremarked, misunderstood
Thousand year upon thousand year:
Few seeds sown, as berries sow new life.

Yet I heard them call out, once, often, in a dreamful youth
When hilltop viewing at night beneath
A night of stars
Knowing no difference because I had yet to learn
As adults learn
To constrict the flow of Thought:
One individual, striving, among so many
With so many needs
To feed the flow of life.

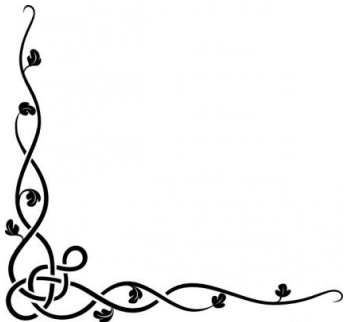
But there is a learning here



The Wandering Troubadour

As a breeze, gusting cold, moves cloud
To free the blue-beauty which is our home planet's sky:

All things, if in their treasured smallness, bring a remembering
Of the empathy which is our own evolution
Of life.



Sandesman

One Hill, One July

Warm sun after weeks of rain
And I am free to lie on my coat in the long grass
While, around, a world continues
Needless of my help.

So many mistakes, lessons,
Yet I almost am as I was before
Ready to stab forth into darkness
Hoping to slay whatever lurked
Just beyond
A boundary of comprehension:
Shadows, fleeting, glimpsed.

Whose the son, whose the daughter
Injured, maimed, suffering: killed?
But I - we - had to strive
Since we believed in such striving
Needing as we did to know:
It was only assumption, artfully, lovingly, moulded
To assume the artful appearance
Of fact:

So much suffering, so little
Learnt.

I am peaceful, now,
While this warm sun
Lasts.

There: trees, grass, seeds, growing
Needless of my help
While, two miles down, a drying road



The Wandering Troubadour

Conveys constricting cars
Joining so many illusions so crassly moulded
To thrawning spawns:
Just who drives, who, the driven?
For there are others ready, waiting, eager,
To stab again the dark:

There, above the sky,
Where stars brighten our darkness
Beings wait
Watching
As we slowly stumble
From infancy to youth.

Sandesman

So Simple

It is so simple
He heard the wanderer say
While he lay sleeping in sun
Propped up against the fence
On hill-top field:

There was the image, the sound,
Of that valley stream which years ago
Had often drawn him down from where Corner Lodge
Lay, a whole century settled, beside the bend
Not quite half way
Along the steep heather-strewn hill
And where he, his wife, their cats, enjoined some years
Of restful life
Before his selfish self dishonourably sequestered
Such happiness
Away.

Yet it was warm, this February sun,
And so he dreamed such peaceful parts of his past
Until his wanderer spoke
Again:

It is so simple to live as we can live
Settled and focused on only what we see,
On only where we can walk on one day's
Walking.

But clouds came, covering, awakening
Because warmth went
And he - aching from his half century of life - rose
To descend down



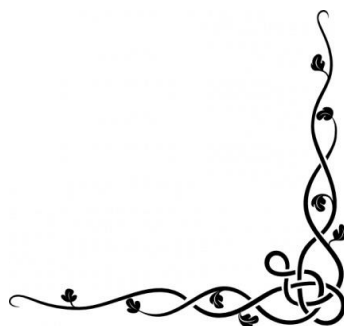
The Wandering Troubadour

To where no one
Waited.

Yet there would be dreams, his dreams,
As he sat at night, cold, before the fire:
His dreams, never quite believed,
Of warm times when a woman would once again wait
To welcome him
Home.
And they would smile, as he - she, they - had smiled
Bound in warm wordless love.

So he sighed - well over half sad -
Because he knew now
As the calling buzzard, the grass, the trees,
The very earth around him knew
The living silent knowledge
That grew as grass grows green
In sun

Sandesman





IN MEMORIAM
FRANCES

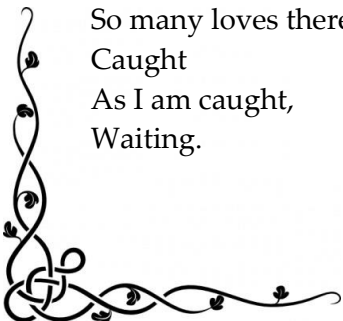
So Sad

So sad to leave, to watch your face
Smaller, smaller as the train took me
Down, southward toward a home
That is no home
Without that indefinable presence
Which is you:

The Sun caught you, then,
That late morning as you stood waving
Having trembled when we embraced
Under a sky blue but clouding
Following two so short days
Together.

And now there is rain
As I travel feeling
The loss of this
Leaving -
How many more days of cloud
Before the Sun of love bursts forth
To bring the warmth
That is you?

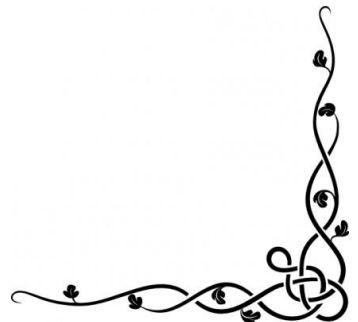
Here, the train has stopped
Where some city rears up
Amid the green:
Any yet -
So many loves there
Caught
As I am caught,
Waiting.



In Memoriam frances



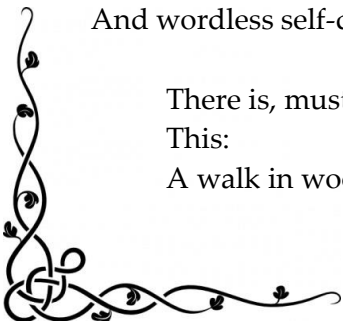
So many days
Passing
As the fields of growing greening crops
Pass beyond the glass
That makes a window
For this soul-less
If now speeding
Train:
So much life
Bursting forth
Within -
A dream of you, me,
Sharing...



Such Gestures

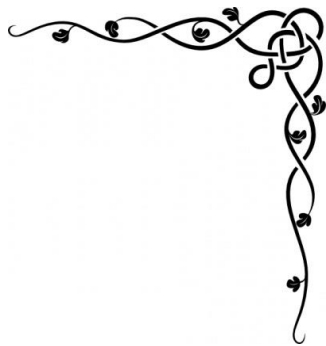
She gestures - such an awkward expression of pain
As inner turmoil, anxiety,
Reaches out to change face, eyes,
Posture;
And I am lost, adrift
Not knowing what to say, do
As outside Dawn with Her lights and colours
Reveals the Frost of Night.

There was a Nightingale, in the darkness -
Such beauty -
As she, I, lay, exhausted,
Unable, unwilling to speak
Then
Beyond the days past
When she, lacking Medication, argued
Begged, manipulated, struggled, hoped and lied
Losing all self-respect
And seeking something - anything - to if only for one moment
Relieve the dread, that fear, that shaking
That snared her:
Three, four, more scenarios of self-inflicted death.
But no games, here -
No clichéd or acted cry
For help
Only deep disturbing hurting
Born of utter, complete self-loathing
And wordless self-despair.



There is, must be, should be Life beyond
This:
A walk in woods alone

In Memoriam Frances

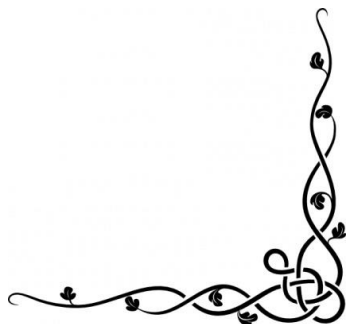


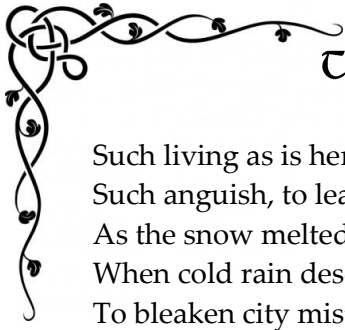
When the cold wind of Winter
Brings that joy of knowing.
For there is living there:
No words,
Nothing to confuse or bring the Anger -
Since the tree is only ever a tree;
The wild Deer only ever wild Deer
And the path is only ever the path
To take me up toward the summit of the hill
Where I can sit to watch a distant sea
Below.
No one, nothing, to disturb with words
The sanctity that is Nature.

I did not, shamefully, acquit myself that well,
For there was anger, rising,
As promises lay broken among the lies;
But then - suddenly for some reason
There was love returning
Growing, spreading forth from understanding:
What could, should, I do?
I did not know, and stumbled,
An old man slowly walking unknown woods, at night...

One day later, and I am become alone
Again
 As once, that week ago
 Before her anguish came to break itself
 In waves of days upon me
Ready now to walk forth onto hill
To feel the quiet wordless peace
Of rural Nature:

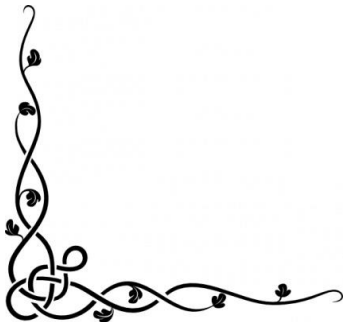
And she is in her home, again,
Striving to re-create, define





The Wandering Troubadour

Such living as is her life -
Such anguish, to leave her standing by her door
As the snow melted as snow melts
When cold rain descends
To bleaken city mist.



In Memoriam Frances

A Tragedy of Beauty

There was the trembling of her hands, their coldness:
The anguished face,
And I held her
To reassure her of her beauty.
But she did not then, as almost always,
Believe me
So fragile her self-esteem.

On Sunday, the cat of some neighbour beside us,
We sat in that small garden
Not far from the centre of York -
She cold, enwrapped in her coat,
I in my shirt:
There was the late May Sun to warm us,
But the cool wind stole what little warmth she felt
As she sat on the grass, oblivious to its dampness.
There were words – from me –
About life, love, a past,
And she listened, answering only
To castigate herself.

She was beautiful, even then when that sad expression came to mask
Her life –
Beautiful, with eyes of changing blue,
That golden hair.
Beautiful, wordlessly reaching out to me in that moment
As she had reached out to me for the six weeks
Of my stay,
Pleading in silence
While I with words formed some stupid expression,
Some ignorant idea born of blind arrogance.



The Wandering Troubadour

There are no excuses for my failure, then:

No excuses:

My intellect the snare which trapped me.

Too many words; too little gentle, re-assuring, silent love.

I should have felt, known, that awful anguish which transformed
her –

Cloud to warm Sun –

And held her, held her

Until the warmth of Summer lived in her,

Again.

The Sun is not annoyed by cloud

Knowing rain for the burgeoning life it is

But I, in my blindness, deafness, ignorance, did not know -

So many clouds, I had not thought the world contained so many.

"Please don't go," she pleaded on that Sunday,

But I did go, selfishly, stupidly, vainly,

Leaving here bereft, alone:

Nine hours later, she lay dead.

There are no excuses for my failure, there.

Now, three days on, such warmth of Sun to take me out

Into the green fields of this Farm:

Too late the blue sky, the heat of June.

Too late, this understanding.

Too easy, perhaps, for me to die, here, now, as she died

And as I just intended.

Should I - must I - live the agony of this knowledge,

To redeem what was to what might be:

Some words capturing the sun of her life which the clouds of illness
Hid?



So I am crying, weeping, beating my fists into the earth

Here where the tall Oak shades the shallow pond:

No words of mine to express the tragedy of her life and beauty.

In Memoriam frances

This Is The Garden of Her Youth

This is the garden of her youth
Where, for years, she as a young girl
Played
And where there was life, laughter,
Tears.

This is the garden where later in her living
She came to sit in those days
When life depressed her to leave only an impression
Of being not quite
Alive.

This is the garden where we sat, together,
When I as I often was in my stupid selfish expectation
Expected more than that half-smile,
That awkward touch,
The silence about our future and our life,
Unable then to appreciate the deep depths
Of her utterly anguished despair:

This is the large garden, South-facing,
Where I sit, alone now, waiting the hours
Before we, her friends, gather
Dead
From her leaving, her loss.

There is the warming Sun, of morning:
Sparrows on a lawn,
The collared-Dove, calling
And two Butterflies, twisting, flying



The Wandering Troubadour

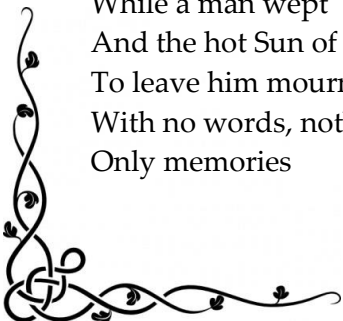
As if joined by some unseen changing thread
Of Life.

Here I sit, waiting
For answers,
But there is only the slight breeze
To move the tops of the trees:
Her cat, content, curled up
There in that shade where the Eucalyptus tree
Outlived her.

No words
To describe, remove, the guilt
For she, cutting her threads to life,
Killed herself after I selfishly, stupidly, shamelessly
Left, deaf to her pleading.

What is there now but the strong Sun in a sky of cloudless
Blue:
A funeral to make such tears
As move us to regret
The life, lost,
Taken?
And prayers, yes, there should be prayers:
But, who, to hear them?

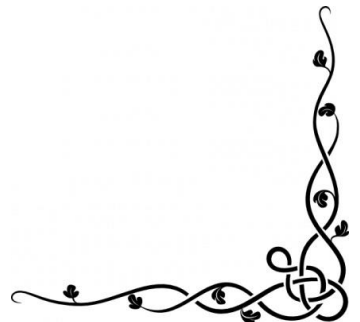
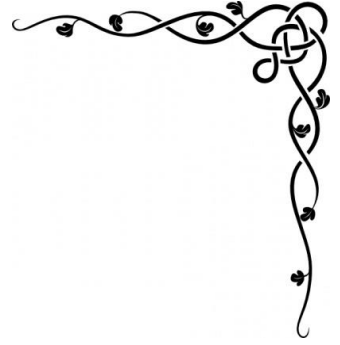
This is the garden of her youth
Where she, four years old, played
And her father planted the sapling
Which grew to have a cat sit beneath its spreading tallness
While a man wept
And the hot Sun of early June bore down
To leave him mournful, humbled
With no words, nothing, to express his loss:
Only memories



In Memoriam frances

To facture such self-esteem as kept him selfish
Amid the illusion that was the living of his life.

Will there be a kneeling, a prayer,
A silent, humble, hope?



This Is All That There Is

This is all that there is -

A peaceful lying in warm flowering grass

As the Sun of July moves, slowly,

And a breeze keeps a certain stifling humidity

Away:

So hot, my back seeps sweat where it touches ground

Here on a hill sloping to meadow, valley, stream.

This is all that there is -

After a life, shared:

A new nexus when the slight sleep of heat

Touches us

To leave only an impression of stillness

Bringing

A touching of the Cosmos living

Beyond.

This is all that there is

To pass that Time until that journey

Where birth's beginning

Merges with the being becoming beyond

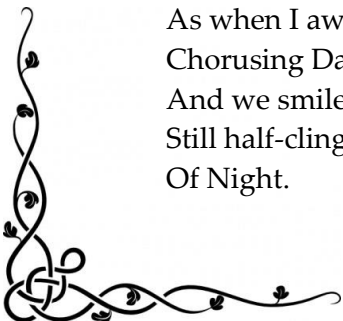
Death

So that we, merging, become more than the hill,

The Sun, the silence

To be that warmth of beauty

That creates, Summer-slowly,



As when I awoke to hear the birds of life

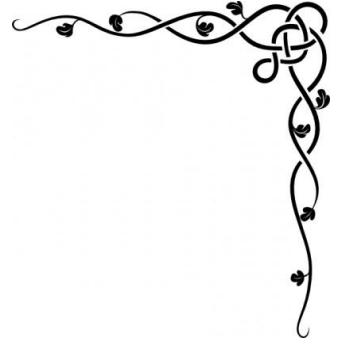
Chorusing Dawn

And we smiled as she lay, naked, beside me

Still half-clinging to the sleep

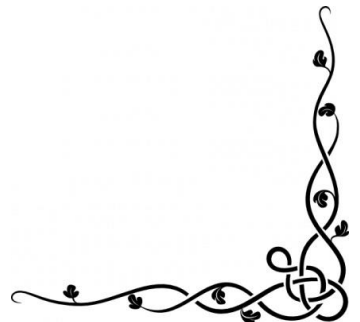
Of Night.

In Memoriam frances



Such a simple happiness
There
When we moved as we moved
To merge
As the humid hours merged
To bring droplets of sweat
Until satiated through slowness we slept
Touching breathing being
Such essence as kept us
Alive:

So this is all that there is, now
Since Death claimed her



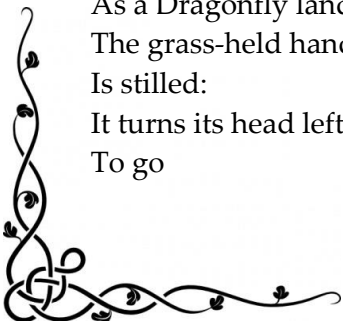
Such Are The Moments Of Illusion

Such are the moments of illusion:
The hot Sun of late September
When the wet grass
Dries
And I lie stretched out
While still-living Butterflies become moved by wings, wind,
Here beneath another sky
Of blue.

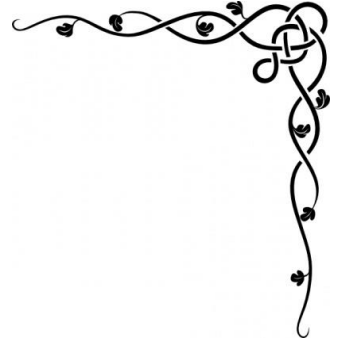
Such re-assurance, this warmth and illusion
Of that colour
With sleep easy, for a moment,
Because no guilt, loss, or cares -
No seeing of those last moments
Of her life -
Since now the warming memory rises

When we had sat hill-above-sea
To watch the white clouds thermalled
Where sea stretched to horizon
With life a joining of purpose as two hands, bodies,
Touched:

So I am caught in one brief beautiful nexus
As a Dragonfly lands where
The grass-held hand
Is stilled:
It turns its head left then right then left
To go



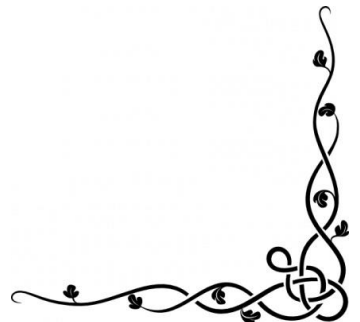
In Memoriam Frances



To be lost
To sound then sight.

No suspension, of being, as I wish:
No capture as the Numen rises as it rises
With warm Sun
When the quiet peaceful sleep of fields
Caught me late-Summer
While I wandered remembering
The dreaming hopes
Of youth:

They are dry now
As the pond which the hot Sun
Of a long Summer dried
As I am dried:
No rain of love to fill one nexion
With life.



We Are The Ones The Dead Leave Behind

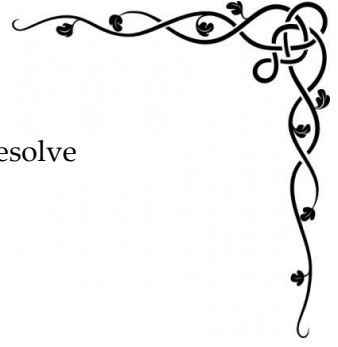
We are the ones the dead leave behind:
We, who remain to struggle with remorse, guilt, failure
After she - he - have found the courage
To end their lives.

We are the ones who find them,
Or who receive that sudden unexpected, expected, call:
Our life stilled, lost, irrelevant
In that moment.
What have we to give them, now?
What have we but words said,
Unsaid, deeds done or promised unfulfilled?
What have we to give them now -
Too late the love, the words, the effort
That might have saved them:
Too late this knowing of such sadness and such grief.

So we cry, or force back those tears
Stumbling forward
Minute to minute, hour to hour, day to weary day
Hoping, trusting, wishing
For something.

Or do we - and how often - plan
As they planned
Unable to bear their loss, the grief?
So many plans, to die - and what prevents us?
Some small intimation of life, perhaps
Or our own weakness

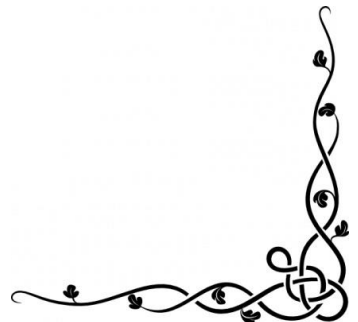
In Memoriam frances



For even with their ending how often we lack the resolve
They showed
In that last breathing of their lives
When bleak and utter desperation
Claimed them.

How do we, can we, live when guilt at our living
Wakes us in the late or early night
And we hope, pray, believe:
But this is life - they are gone; dead, taken from us
And no words, no deeds now can redeem or save them:

So we move from night to day to night -
We, the living-dead that our dead leave alive.

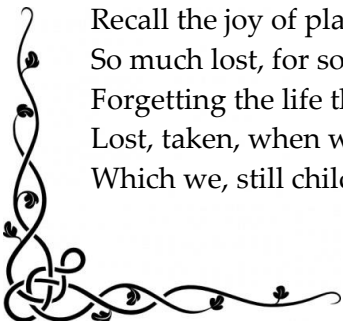


The Ineffable Goodness

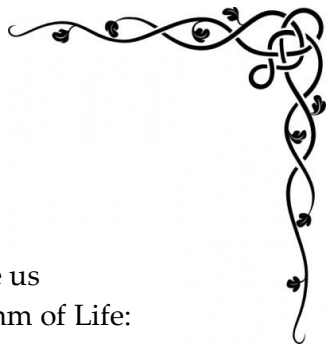
There is, can be - should be - an ineffable goodness about life:
Warm Sun, seeing-off dark cloud
When we walk among hills
And stop, to feel the scenery below
Spread out before us, mile upon glorious mile
Knowing then in that instant the numinosity
Of love and of life:

We are born for this,
We are meant for this,
But how often - and how many times -
Do we turn away in anger, indifference or hate
Losing thus the beauty of a sky cloudless
In its blue
When we, met for the first time, sat sipping our coffee
Daring to look, and felt the need to touch, then
There, as life in that city Cafe passed as such life
Passes by?
How often - and how many times -
Do we forget the feel, the warmth, of that first embrace,
Love to love, life to life, death to the death
That is indifference, intolerance, hate?

There is such a simple lesson, there -
When we lie on the warming grass as the breeze of Summer
Takes away the heat of Sun:
A special remembering when we - the adult -
Recall the joy of play;
So much lost, for so little,
Forgetting the life that lives, within,
Lost, taken, when we forget the unique possibility
Which we, still children, are:



In Memoriam Frances

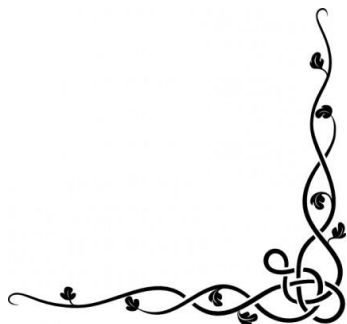


One life among so many,
One possibility of growth
Growing up between the Light and the Dark
When memories of suffering and of sadness change us
Bringing back the slow, quiet, silent, beautiful rhythm of Life:

And that time when we, on that beach, sat
Amid the sand with wet feet, Sun-drying,
Each hour, minute, precious
As love grew as it grew
From each kiss, touch, smile
And we knew gentleness as it reached out
To claim us, change us
Until we felt our very being would burst
So great the life that pulsed within us,
So great the joy

As when we, high-tide caught, scrambled up those jagged rocks
Laughing, playing, while the foam of the Sea
Grew small, smaller, until weary and cut but happy
We lay down in cliff-top grass to kiss, there
On that day when Life changed us:
For a moment.

But we who might grow, could grow, forget in the living
These lessons of love -
So strange, such lapses
When there is, can be, should be, an ineffable goodness
In living and in life.





COLLECTED
POEMS
VOLUME I
Prior to 1994

Moon Seeing

Wild blows the wind
While a young man - moon-seeing, sleepless
And divorced -
Walks the valley where
Frost
Glints beside a stream.
No sound
Except the water
And his feet breaking ice.

Above - a hill where sheep
Slumber.

Soon
A Solstice sun may warm
A little
And he in his now sweaty clothes
Will sit huddled
In his empty room
And dream, desperately,
Of love.

Another night nearly over
And she stumbles wearily
To dress her beauty
While a moon leaks light
To her room:
"In the moonlight
I am quite pretty."
She smiles, briefly,
And turns some music on.
Nearby, a river

Collected Poems - Volume I

Fed by some distant valley stream.

But, quite quickly,
Her quiet, slow, confidence
Is gone.

Her town caught him
Briefly, next day.
She was there, waiting to cross
The fume-filled street
And he stared as she walked by
Caught and awed by her beauty.
But she hurried past embarrassed
By his stare.

Words and he were not friends,
And he let their future
Pass:

Nearby, sun glinted, briefly,
Upon ice.

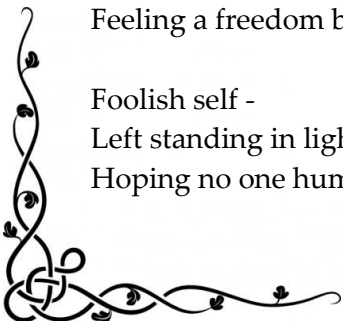
Etude

A sudden silence -
No longer can I hear the many sounds
Of Nature.
A falling darkness -
No longer can I see the distant hills.

Instead:
Whispering shadows hang upon the Earth
Tendons of a goddess mauling the insignificance
That is me.

Sudden rain -
Tempestuous in sylphic fury;
A blinding flash
Startling in its nearness
As I walk a country path.
Then - shattering shouts as the wroth of the gods
Rolls around me.

Suddenly
No longer am I calm
No longer am I still -
Instead:
Throwing wide arms of madness thrashing
Dancing dance of Daedalian dreams
In tears of goddess weeping sadness
I come to joy and youthful schemes
Feeling a freedom brought, at last!



Foolish self -
Left standing in light left by passing storm,
Hoping no one human has seen.

Collected Poems - Volume I

Then, mindful of the past, and smiling,
I return to tramp the country lane.

Clouds in the Sky

The one of understanding, feeling the timeless nature of Existence,
Does not exhort, nor preach, nor hold fast to any dogma:
They are Silent,
Pointing to the clouds in the sky.

For each must find their own goal, in their own time:
They who understand only guide those who earnestly seek,
Those whose time for understanding has come.

The tranquillity of life is in understanding of self,
For thereby comes acceptance of the illusion of Existence:
And they who are tranquillity become thus all life,
Realizing the folly of action breeding violence.

Yet they who are all life are Being, become -
Waiting with tranquillity for the coming of death.

With discarding of self comes the realization of eternity bringing
sadness
And with the realization of eternity comes the tranquillity of
compassion.
For they who are compassion merge with all existence
And live thus in the wisdom of sorrow bringing tears.

Yet they who cry know also the laughter of the moment:
Blown away by the wind like the clouds in the sky.
Thus does the seeker of the goal that is no goal
Realize the unwisdom of words:
Understanding wind in clouds in the sky.

Those who transcend self by their many errors of experience -
Understanding thus the serenity of silence -

Collected Poems - Volume I

Need no outward chattel
For they are richer than all the riches of Earth.
Thus do they who quest after transcendence become still,
A falling leaf turned Autumn brown
Following the wind of the moment:
Neither clinging to, nor striving against,
The force of existence ever a dream in the end.

They who are still seek not the folly of the wisdom of worship,
Nor the secrecy of shrines:
For their temple is a swaying branch in a glade of trees
Resting on a high hill beneath the wind-blown clouds in the sky;
And their prayer is Silence.

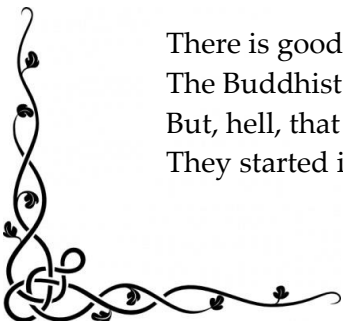
Decoration by Bombs is an Art

There is a comfort here, a Winter sea breeze,
A quiet time to mould from present possibilities
Future patterns
While each will creates by being just a will
Each possibility of Thought:

There is no being that is real
No authentic Way
While the act that might have linked
All presents to their past
Becomes enfeebled
Like waves breaking on a beach

Decoration by bombing is an Art
And for each thought
That is a connection between our present
And our past
Ten thousand fruitful dead

Each tree rots, in the ambience of Time:
For each forest a silence
For each tree its allotted span;
What forest furnished your fuel
What soil your wheat?



There is good in all
The Buddhist says:
But, hell, that those bastards burn,
They started it

Collected Poems - Volume I

For decoration by bombing is an Art

All heroes die
That others might forget
And, while blood spurts,
A financier crawls across a perfumed lawn:
Berlin, Paris, Rome - it makes no difference, let others die! -
The same smile
The same golden god

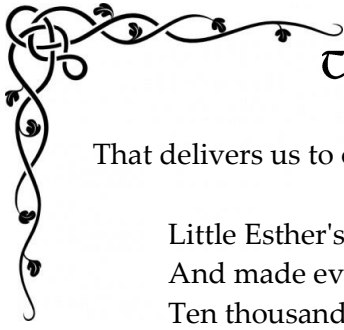
Once, each people knew their gods
But now are too bored for gods
Or too relieved

Dear lady, how elegant
You look: so many jewels.
Give them a spectacle, some sports,
A passion to bleed their brains to death

For each dross, each pitcher of dross
A thousand helping hands
Keen smelling rats the lot
While the words that might have
Unpossessed those possessed
Are lost
Buried by blast and blood:
Decoration by bombing is an Art

There is a comfort here
That only war itself will break
As there is a passion among those possessed
By ideas that are not their ideas
As gutless financiers are possessed by their god.

But who will break the Seal



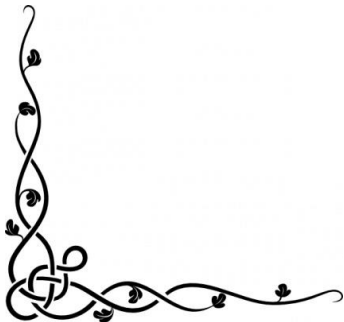
The Wandering Troubadour

That delivers us to ourselves?

Little Esther's plight made millions
And made even more men sick:
Ten thousand years, for this?

There is a comfort here
As Destiny seems doomed by The Lie.

But even seas change
Given time



Religion is Beer

Religion and beer both remove the dread
And there is no remorse as I sit
In this town's Park
Greatly worse, for drink:

Doubts, debts, problems, pain - all gone
And we, he, she, they, homeless and drunk as me,
Chatter incoherently in our stupor.

Years ago religion sheltered me, a tramp,
But doubt came bringing to an end
Those threads of life.
So now I sit, quite happy, while beer and Benefit last
And it does not matter I have no aim, nowhere
To go:
For I am at peace, at last.

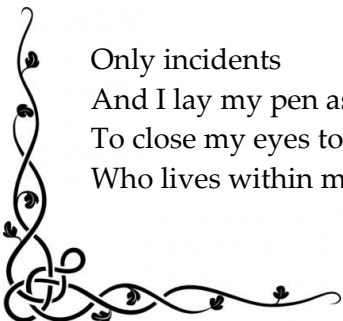
No longer the care the bore me,
No longer the pride
Since that cloudy Winter settled itself upon
My life:
No more the bright Sun
Of youth.

Yet - sometimes - a dream of warm Summer
May wake me

Train Journey

Laughter, the half-heard talk
That flows between seat, isle
And seat
While the school outing lives
Each second as it passes:
A rushing river held
By high-sided rock
Since the tall teacher whose broad back
Cannot fit the seat, smiles
And reads his book in peace.
No seats ripped, no spurting
Cans of beer.

They do not see the angry sad young man
Kneading the train's table
With his fist:
His swaying form, his eyes,
Signal strife seen before
Within walls within Wards which were
Locked.
He does not see the city passing
Beyond his window
Nor the blue light flashing
As a car is sped along a nameless street.
He just begins to cry,
Until the train stops
When up he leaps to his exit and his life.



Only incidents
And I lay my pen aside
To close my eyes to see one woman
Who lives within my peace.

Collected Poems - Volume I

And the world will still be there
When I awake



The Wandering Troubadour

A Cathedral Grave Near the Sea

Erected by Alexander and Helen

In Memory of their Children:

James, who died aged 2 years. Buried Here.

Alexander, Mariner, who died at Batavia

8th Dec. 1830 aged 25.

John, Capt. Of the Ship Erin-Co-Bragh

of Cork, who died near Panama

22nd April 1852 aged 32.

Andrew, Engineer, who died 9th Dec. 1856

aged 32

A warm October sun
And I sense, standing here among the graves,
That hidden meaning of life:
"This is all that there is" -
Peace, brought by warmth
Because there is a freedom from
Desiring desires.

I am here, where sky meets sea

Collected Poems - Volume I

And where rocks descend into surf.
I am at peace, at last -
Able to remember to love
Those forgotten gods who allowed me my birth.

There is no noise, here,
No modern music -
Only the slow silent passing of a Time,
Almost forgotten now,
Which perhaps only War, a death,
Some natural disaster can remind.

Nearby, a young woman walks
Shedding her beauty as the cold wind sheds
The hot breath:
And I am pained, stung bodily
Not by desire but by a feeling
Far beyond my possibility of words.
I do not belong, as she and others belong
As they cling to the passions of Earth.

It is not that I am detached or have transcended emotion:
Rather, I am sad - burdened
By a deep naked knowledge of myself.
So I am alone,
A monk of a dead religion
With neither monastery nor home.

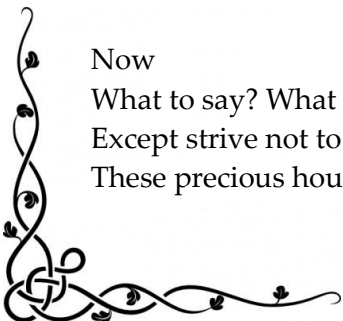
Meanings

She sleeps,
Dreaming
Of days past, journeys done
While, within, her liver
Slowly dies:

I'm so sorry
The Consultant said.
It is very serious...

Three weeks to dream
As life ebbs as a life ebbs.
I'm glad we went to Egypt -
Her first words
Following that fatal verdict.

Now, forward four weeks,
Her strength mostly gone,
She sleeps as I remembering
Watch
Almost crying
And yearning for times past
Like those Summer days
We remembered yesterday
When we had sat together
Amid the heat in our colourful garden
At peace beneath a sky of blue.



Now
What to say? What to do?
Except strive not to forget
These precious hours before that final sleep.

Collected Poems - Volume I

There is, of course, the complex question -
Why?
Having harmed no one, and forty years in age,
She dies.
From such suffering, perhaps an insight gained:
Civilizations formed, kept alive
By memories and meanings being born of this?

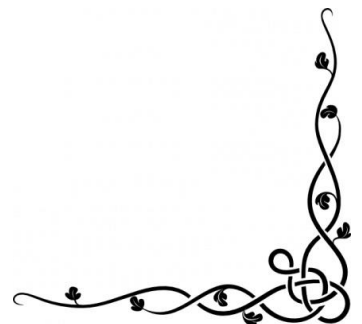
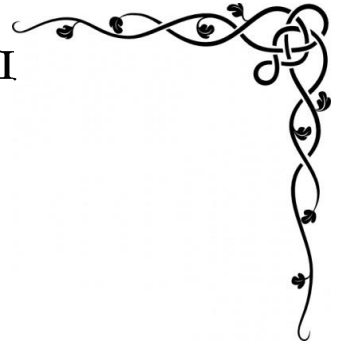
Becoming

Let us observe, still, the sun-shadows
Falling upon warming Winter's frost:
Let us, quivering, hear
As once perhaps many times in childhood we heard
When our senses were not distracted
And only the leaf that we found
Had meaning - torn for a question.

Let us free ourselves from ourselves
So that we no longer look
For reflexions
But capture light like that breath,
Hot, of a woman remembere
Still haunting the dreaming and leading us
To Hel.

Let us not toil, burning ourselves
Like a candle toward its end,
But become sharp like a sword
And a hoar frost spread by dark night.
Let us not read
But become instead the book
That future governments will ban.....

Collected Poems - Volume I





COLLECTED
POEMS
VOLUME II
Post 1994

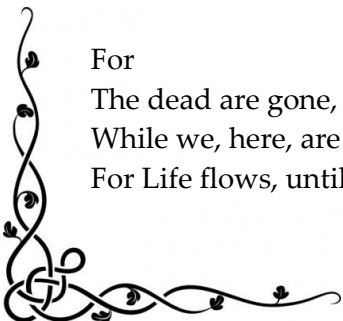
Isis

Life, the delicate balance - joy, living, sadness, knowing:
No rôle; no person as guide;
Only the decanter, here, as there where decades ago, we played
That Summer of Sun when your studies were books
Strewn
In the river-fenced garden and we, feigning wrestling, kissed
To love.

For two decades past, such immersion with Life:
One being-becoming from experience, mistakes
Since my selfish dream so stupidly selfishly hauled me
Away:

While you married
Keeping your father's house

So many questions
Which the long walk on a cold Winter's day I hoped might solve
Knowing, feeling - warm breath to cold air - the yearning
That left me speechless:
Warmth of one woman
Remembered.
There was snow then, falling,
While I walked:
Too late the footpath
Where trees, bush, blossom, languished
In white.



For
The dead are gone, with so many today so lifeless with living
While we, here, are as we are: failings, feelings, future, promise - fun,
For Life flows, until we are dead, or live as the dead:

Collected Poems - Volume II

No answer, as this river is only a river
Until its water reaches to seep into
Sea:

Death seems very

Long:

But there is Port

Such a splendid vintage
And clouds, passing, bringing
Life, Summer
From Sun.

One More Winter's Day

I

There, the view from this train
As she, I, together
Riverside walked
Where now the flooding-water floods
The leafless hedge-lined
Lane:
In the distance
Hills above Malvern keep memories
As the mist of this day keeps such summits
Hidden from my view:

Such loss of such a simple love
As I, stupidly striving, ensnared with ideals
Forgot, misplacing such sharing
As Sun shares with rain
To bring forth such Life as gifts
Us.
But I-the-selfish wandered so often
That century alone
Until years later we who were married parted then
To leave me as I was left too late
To know as I now know
Such love as kept her, hoping.
But she is gone, as Sun behind the dismal cloud of Winter:
Thus am I unhappy,
Unkempt by memories.

II

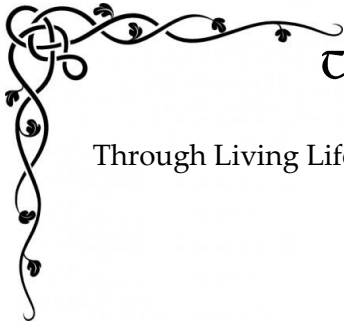
A journey - broken -

Collected Poems - Volume II

And I am somewhat if only slightly
Drunk
Swaying
Where some Inn funnels music loudly
And people, living,
Laugh:
One chance, taken,
To make us settle in some corner.

Her hair, greying, dangles down
The facade of her face,
But there is hope, there, fading
And life, beauty, living, which one gentle touch
Sparks
To leave one impression
While the wine, the music, the surrounding laughter
Lasts
Carrying us out where sodium light streaks
Mist and our breath makes clouds
Until a Taxi claims
Us:
One hand slipping underneath
Her dress.

Here, a room, clean, where clothes rest washed
If undesired:
One pillow upon one bed
Beneath a Book of Dreams
While the city rises as it rises
To lose itself in mizzle.
Thus there is sleep, after passion, interest, brief life - flickering -
Become spent
Before an early train to claim
Me.
And I am briefly happy, as she,



The Wandering Troubadour

Through Living Life, in moments.



So There Is Warm Sun

So there is warm Sun and breeze enough
Where day moves toward the end of June
And the grass grows quickly
In Earth's tears
That heavily came to wash the soil
Down
From fields to cross the yard
Leaving such a humid sediment of Summer
That male and female Sparrows, Swallows, others,
Met again as they meet
With a fluttering of wings, movements, calls
To bring forth new beginnings
Where village edge meets base of hill
And the damp uncut meadow hay ripples with the warmth:

So I rest - tired, awake, exhausted, from days of work,
Worry, Dreams, and Thought
Resting while the hot Sun flows
And the fastly flowing nebulae of clouds, wind-spaked,
Grow tendrils to shape themselves with faces
Here:
One planet gasping as it gasps
Since the slaying by Homo Hubris never ever seems
To stop.

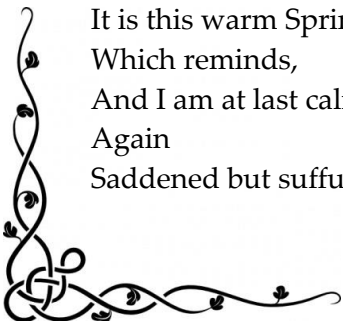
Too late the empathy to set us flowing
Back to love?
So much promise for so long undesired
I am left sad, warm, sleepy
While the Summer Sun brings peace enough
To sleep-me
As the circling Buzzard Cries.

Feel The Death

Feel the death
And the sadness of the dying
When she whom we loved
Slows, to die
Slowly
As Spring came
Venturing forth that year
With warm days.

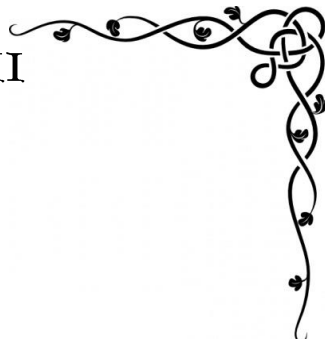
There was a feeling, then,
Knowledge
Lost as the months and years
Leeched away in living
That stark contrast of being
To leave only memories
Only memories
Fragile as snow on sea,
Drained as they were of that immanence
Of losing
When we felt the joy, the pure joy of life
Known only through the knowing
Of such loss.

And how many years - how many -
Have we wasted
Since then?



It is this warm Spring Sun
Which reminds,
And I am at last calm
Again
Saddened but suffused -

Collected Poems - Volume II



For there is essence, here
Where all life, connected,
Burgeons forth in Tree, Bird, Breeze, Song, Silence
And Sun:
A beginning
To live
Again
In hope
Of somehow presencing
This
Born from the gentle slowness
Stretched between sadness
And love:
So often lost
In that haste which becomes the living
Of our life.

Lost, as the greening hedge
Behind
Becomes lost, stripped of its buds,
Flailed by a flail
Noisily, mechanically
Driven.

So I feel again the death
And the sadness of the dying

These Are The Moments Of Regret

These are the moments of regret
When the warm Sun of a late August warms
And I walk, quiet and quite alone,
In these acres of rural England,
Remembering
When such a walk was a world shared
As we holding hands breathed together
As we lived.

Such sadness
Which is why we dare not linger
To pass the years
As I passed those years, alone, remembering
After her death, her loss, her leaving
And through our words, then, captured an ecstasy
Of grief:
For there was a subtle beauty, there.

Now
A honey bee, crawling
By the edge of this pool:
Dying
As it dies
Slowly, silent, alone, unseen.
Are there any feelings, there?

For me, perhaps too much, too many
For too long
Until two years of work kept me

Collected Poems - Volume II

As I toiled, walking, working, in fields
Where beauty and a kind of silence
Lingered:
Each living being a friend.

But Change came as Change does,
Unkempt, unannounced:
No more then the fields, the toil
To keep me still.
What should I do?

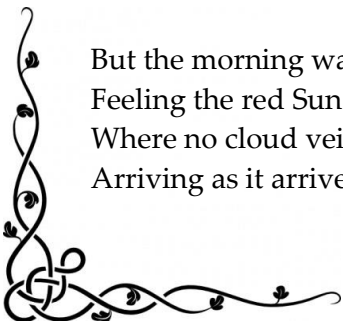
So now I travel as if in travelling to live a type of life
Just as I - we - engage ourselves in action
As for certain in such action
We live another life:
Too much living to remember
Each past, each sad past

Fatally Wounded

Slowly, the clouds pass
Here where the leaves of this centuries-old Oak
Have greened, darker
From the flush green of Spring:
It is now mid-Summer
And I sit on the warm earth in this wood
Feeling
The Silence.

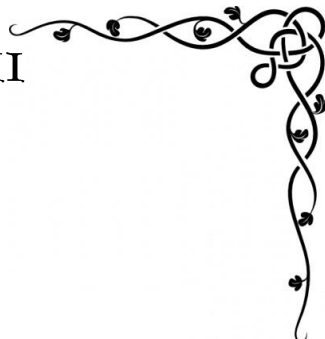
But there will be noise,
Homo Hubris,
When I descend down to where one road
Merges to another
While Sun, English-June hot,
Escapes the cumulus cloud
And the gentle breeze is Music:
These are Her instruments - this tree,
That bush; those birds.

And yet -
Such noise, such people
Where my world of walks sinks down
To that world which is not Her world:
There is no reverence,
There;
None of the silence that marks
Us.



But the morning was sublime as I walked
Feeling the red Sun rise
Where no cloud veiled the blue
Arriving as it arrives, deep and deeper

Collected Poems - Volume II



As Dawn merges into Day.
Now - late afternoon and homeward from work -
There is such warmth to sweat me
While I walk the steep tree-free track
To where the hill waits silent under Sun
Yet still whispering, wordless,
Of the three Orchids, rare, fatally-wounded
Who dry,
Dying
Their short lives, their beauty, taken
Crushed
By one of the many vehicles
Which here have scarred Her,
Fuming as they did with the fumes, the noise,
Of engines.

And tomorrow, as the sign says,
There will be a cull of Deer
Here
As Homo Hubris shoots,
Obeying orders

One Grief

The worst and the best - these feelings of love:
Great, profound, best in their beginning
Yet the worst in its ending
When we pace in our small room
As outside the warm Sun of Spring appears
From the cloud that brought an early morning
Rain.

Now, we look, out toward where the flowers of Spring
Push upwards from the plush green there on the bank
Beside the lawn that only a month ago I trimmed
For the first time
This year.

Beyond, caught in sunlight, the hills whose treeful slopes
Are greener now I am sad, saddened by a grief born
From her losing:
Such life around - such promise filling this air
With song as birds proclaim both territory and pride
While I, Bach-hearing, resist and resist and resist
That temptation to kneel
As dark anguish heavily descends to cover the life that was my life:

For there is now no God to help as when I the monk
Toiled with my hands, my feelings, desires - until Thought
Surprising me
Took me far from the Monk's Garden, the cloister, that warm
Summer –
Took me out, far beyond myself
To where the gods were born.

But, yes, there are tears now, as if the centuries, calling

Collected Poems - Volume II

Held me with the cries of those who long before my birth
Had suffered, cried, mourned, and died -

So many tears, so many, taking me far beyond her loss
To where some future peace, Sun-warmed, and rural as an English
Summer,
Waits:

If only - if only I was there, we were there
In that future Paradise serene
Where even my desire, my yearning, becomes stilled
As it was not stilled with her
As I restless even beyond myself despite my best most noble hopes
Filled her with sadness, sometimes,
Until the slim thread holding us in love broke
Breaking her down in a sadness of grief, bent over her bed
Those hours when words failed as words fail
That day of rain and Sun where light from her window beheld her
clinging
To the sheets of her bed, her pillow wet in tears.

There was, is, nothing for me to do
I am sorry, so sorry
But live - or try to live
Remembering: for the centuries, calling
Hold me with the cries of those who long before my birth
Have suffered, cried, mourned, and died,
Thus urging me in my remembering to make some goodful godful use
Of the time remaining, here,
Far from that future Paradise
Which might - should - be ours
One day
When the crying
Stops

Here I Am, Waiting

Here I am, waiting, while the cold night grows ever darker
And the thin crescent moon
Disappears.

There were the moments of hope - of excuses
As to why she did not call
But the hours, the slow hours, dragged them away
Until he was left, alone, bent, desperate but not desperate
Because unwilling even then to fully believe
His loss.

He loved her so much; he had loved her so much -
She, of the weeks of passionate new love -
And he held, again, her card, reading, reading until the tears came

To my darling, I love you

What was there left? Where was the future they shared, deeply
In those weeks when three decades of mutual sorrow, loneliness, hope
Came together through embracing arms, hours of kisses
And that intimacy of touch?
Where was the joyous desire that left him trembling
When he had stood at her door, waiting,
And she, arriving, threw her arms around him
Holding him so close with her passion, her love,
That he closed his eyes in tears knowing, knowing, his dreams were
there
Embodied in her flesh?

Where? Where? Where the promise promising so much that never was
Never now could be
Fulfilled.

Collected Poems - Volume II

Where?

But she was gone, taken by an accident of life
As he became taken, enfolded, by sorrow because of her loss
Until, broken, the life left him
To leave only the shell, only the physical shell
Longing for death.

What? What would, could, he do?
Only exist, ambling, alone, in some wood, on some hill,
Seeking no comfort and finding no comfort, uncaring of himself -
Except when the hills, the clouds, the Sun, the trees
Their life
Came unto him as he the bearded tramp waited
For death,
For then for a moment but only a moment he might be at peace
Amid the life that was their life.

One Night, One Winter

Sun above the Sunday mist of morning
And I travel in her car to where
Some train shall convey me
Away.

This mist touches - only touches - the tops
Of the trees
And I am caught: aware, expanded
As if I am mist, trees, music, she, me - and Sun.

Enwrapped in your arms there was peace
As we both without words drifted
Into sleep

Her modern music plays
And I am this one, long, moment of perfection
Born of seven night hours, shared.

Then, it is gone as she, me, we smile
As we reach my destination.
No words, no address, nor numbers, exchanged,
Only a kiss and I am gone
Both back to our lives:
She, to her family, I to my dreams...

And yet there is the memory of our moment.

Such A Poem As This

There is work - the overtime - long walks under Sun, stars
To keep me distracted
For there is then no hours-long dwelling on your absence:
But this music undid such willful cunning plans:

You were there, then, as that Lute sounded,
Here, so real in memory, I touched our dream:
Warm, sensuous, as when that day I held your hand, felt your body
And empathy, sorrow, memory, made you cry.
I loved you then in that moment with a strength which surprised me
And had to fight to keep
That truth, my tears, from bursting forth:
Such love a torrent sweeping my calm of years
Away.

This week will become the month of loss,
This month a toil endured
As when the weary soil, drought-kept,
Waits, waiting, to bring forth flowering joy from seeds,
Like memory, sown from tears that are earth's rain,
My pain.

I know - and because I know the you
The years of sadness, doubt, self-loathing, hid and hides away,
I love the love that has no words I know:
Such love that is only the touch of you, the smile of you, the need of
you, the scent of you,
The longing to be with you as if my love might redeem
The sorrows which made you hide
Still hiding a hope, within.

So much to say before you travel to stay a month away



The Wandering Troubadour

With he who is your choice:
So much to miss I am, will be, lost
Needing now to run the miles to your house
Bearing such a poem as this.
This is all I have -
No house, car, money, prospects.
Only a love, a dream
Seen when I kissed your tears before you rested your head
On my shoulder that one night of belonging
When we knew, felt, touched, remembered, the essence.

But - three decades of love, thwarted - I am no longer naive enough to
believe
You will be mine
And so I shall not, cannot, will not - must not - call upon you bearing
Such a poem as this.

Water

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road
Weeping in the wind
Because I am the Sun.
Being the river: all the river things
I feel the wounds
Inflicted deeply in my flesh
Because I am the dust.

Being the river-banks: the land around the banks
I am no-Time
Burning to cauterize my wounds
Because I am the world and all things of the world;
Being the wind: the words of the wind
I sorrow in my-Time
Knowing people who pass
Because they are my wounds.

Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain
Because I am the water
Flowing with no end

One Bench Along The Way

He was called Steve:
Or so he said when we met one very cold
Bleak October morning
In that grey-stoned Cumbrian town,
He, Northbound, while I was traveling
South.

I passed the bench where he sat on his bag
And we knew each other immediately:
The beard, the many layers of clothes,
The slightly dirty hands,
The boots, the sun-touched wearied face.

So I sat to idle away a few
Of those hours which - often more than rain -
Were an enemy
Of ours.
He offered smokes, a drink of Brandy
And I - some bread.

Warm again - for a while -
We spoke as friends unmet in some time:
He of a place nearby where a fire could be lit,
Of a shop selling cheap food,
Of recent travels
And how last Winter near Morecombe Bay
He had collapsed, from cold.
And I, I spoke of one week's work waiting somewhere, South,
Of how Summer days walking roads had tired me,

Collected Poems - Volume II

And how bin-bags are useful wrapped around the legs
At night.

It was good, cheering, to spend those hours talking
While people passed,
Some staring:
Our world the bench where we sat, the shelter of the night before
When frost broke our sleep into short and shorter spells
And left us huddled, tired,
With only a walk - or Rum or Brandy -
To warm us.

There is no Sun, here, now,
No dreams, and - the Brandy gone -
We parted, quite happy then within our wandering, homeless, world:
He, to fetch more warming spirits,
I to begin one more journey, South.

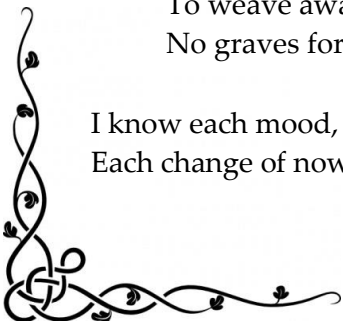
Between Sky, Silence and Earth

There is a Way which is not their way
Nor the way of he who was my youth,
For there is a real, numinous, loyalty in She who carried
And cares for
Us all:
Each life bound by those fated bounds
Of Fate

There is no betrayal as when he, once the Comrade,
Spoke to Police to save himself
And, sending letters, spewed rumours forth
Twisted by a burdening ego
The way some Politicians twist some words
To sell.

No betrayal as when she, my pledged, drew to her naked
glistening body
Another man while I slept at peace
Within the dreams we shared;

No betrayal as when he not even one bullet wounded yet fearing
death
Ran in that humid African heat to save himself
Leaving we few who remained
To weave away at night toward that other land,
No graves for those we left.



I know each mood,
Each change of now inconstant Season

Collected Poems - Volume II

For the giving that it is
As I feel that quiet warmth of love
Born when Spring, slowing growing, grows
Letting in that breath of Sun:

There is then that warming languor
While I walk between Sky, Silence
And earth: only trees taller
Where shade is only cloud,
Here, here among the hills, the Fells, the land
I love.

This is The Way which is not their way
As they who betray themselves with noise
Do not, cannot, will not love as I - we, few - love
With no desire to change, constrain, destroy She
Who, still, lives within us all:
They do not see as I see,
Each emanation Her precious life.

So there is freedom, peace,
Between sky, silence
And earth.

Clouds

As the ripples of light on the bottom
Of a cool, clear shallow stream
Is our life:
Ever-changing, yet almost the same
As above in the beautiful varied-blue sky
Of Summer
White clouds pass, slowly, changing, in their own species
Of Time.

No haste, hate, worry or wealth there
Where water and clouds flow
Following a beginning to an end:
So I am at rest, here where stream starts
From Fell
And the distant vistas renders
One man small among the many
Seeking as they do to control each silent Flow,
Each source that is not their source.

Thus the stillness, here
Where no people include themselves
In those Signs written in Her sounds -
Low, passing -
That mingle as She often mingles
Wind, cloud, sun and Summer
To that breath of life which becomes our rain.
There is then that sigh of knowing
How not to know

The Sun of Warm November

So this is Peace:
As the Sun of warm November
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;
No place beyond this place
As Farm meets meadow field
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
No breeze
To stir the fallen leaves
That lie among the seeds, there
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
From Sun
And the pond is hazed with midges.

So this is the peace, found
Where dew persists,
Flies feed to preen to rest
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled
Bush
Whose berries - unplucked, ripened - rot,
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles
Snaking
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars
To shade me briefly:
No haste, worry, nor Homo Hubris, here



The Wandering Troubadour

Only that, of this, a peaceful peace
Rising
When we who wait, wait to walk with Nature.

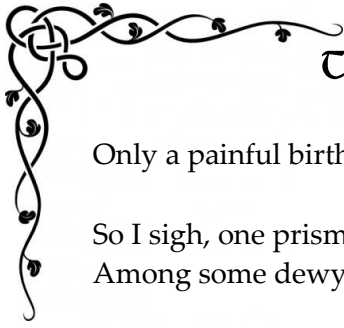
So there is much sadness, leaving
As the damp field-mists of morning
Have given way
To Sun

This Dewy Autumnal Grass

This dewy grass reflects a warming Sun:
Small spheres to prism rays
With each slow move -
There, a clear-sea-blue
As when from beach to end-of-reef I - we together - swam
Where an ocean's island calmed
And each day a so-brief bliss
Lasts.

But it was cold, last night
With no woman to warm by love given
Received
And there was only the Owl, only the Owl, calling into blackness
Outside
And a tiredness to take me restless to those early hours
When the ageing body knows its age
And rises slowly, too slowly, to begin again
Another day
Of work.

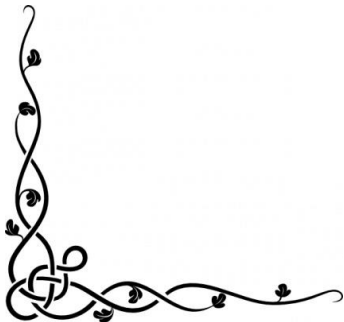
Yet, in moments,
A certain calmness calms:
Grown, growing - uninvited, unexpected - as the warmth of this
morning
Measures out six seasons since her death
While the toiling species toils
Trapped
In Time through ego;
No gentle wisdom, no empathy, there



The Wandering Troubadour

Only a painful birthing of colourless dull abstractions.

So I sigh, one prism so briefly placed on Earth
Among some dewy grass.



One Seaside Inn

Such life, there
As they - the young couple - talk
Here where the warm Sun of late October
Warms,
And I am happy,
Again, calmed
By Chablis whose bottle there
Is almost
Empty.

So there is a smile, one terrace on one sea-side
Inn:
A cheerful knowing of life
For the goodness it is, can - should - be:
No grief, here
While the warm Sun
The sea-breeze
The wine
The distant company
Last.

No desire to constrain what-is
To some abstract-ology:
Only a leaving to make such living
As dwells with each moment, flowing

On the pebble-beach, one child,
Playing

So many tears
Since the breeze is only this breeze,
Her laugh only her laugh



The Wandering Troubadour

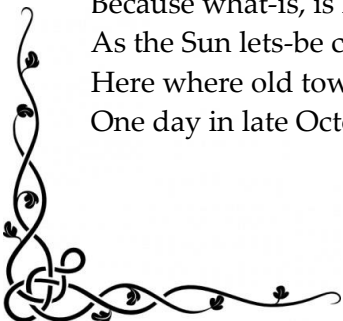
And I - only what-was
Where Seagulls call, a tide
Returns
While Sun makes pearls with waves
And a blue a so-small Cumulus cloud
Does not break until my horizon:

Here, in his hand the photograph
So recently found -
The young man, proud, defiant;
No smile, as others smile,
No gift of play, redeemed:
Only a posture, posturing
Which stayed forty years

Except for days so readily, so easily forgotten

Until his rushing flow of life
Constrained
Became freed, humbled
By her dying
Making life
Here
Where Sun warms
And a piece of Paradise drifts
Down.

One moment
Only one moment
As beauty becomes known
Because what-is, is let-be
As the Sun lets-be cloud, tide, we
Here where old town meets older Sea
One day in late October:



Collected Poems - Volume II

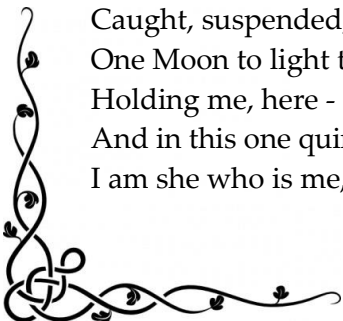
But how shall I never forget
Again?

There Is This feeling

There is this feeling as I sit
On this quite comfortable leather sofa
Watching
Through the clear large glass windows
People
As they walk, quickly, slowly,
By:

It is warm,
For there is Sun
Heating October,
A good Espresso
And I wait, feeling
So many faces:
Here - that which should be, must be
Because modern life, toiling,
Is momentarily stilled
So that I am this flowing street
Of sadness, memories, happiness, beauty, joy
Anger
And angst:

Yet
So quickly, the young women with the long blonde hair
Passes
In her motorized wheelchair:
Her smile, her eyes
Caught, suspended, in my stare:
One Moon to light the Dark Night
Holding me, here -
And in this one quintessential moment
I am she who is me,



Collected Poems - Volume II

So much so compressed
As if a thousand years of living claimed me:
So much to feel
There is this tear, these puny words
Trying to distill
Something...

Killing The Silence

Such beauty, as this hot July Sun sweats me
As I wait, for no one, nothing,
Here under blue
In dry grass
By this narrow and shallow
Stream:

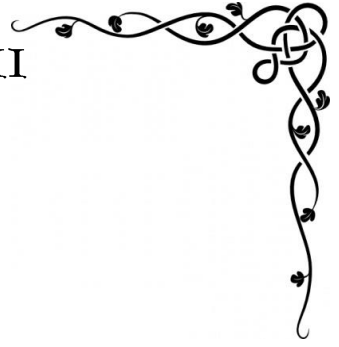
Such serenity, as if no noise existed
Beyond:
Only Buzzards calling;
This breeze in dried grass.

Such a difference, when I walk
The two short miles
To that lane -
It is only a narrow lane
Stretched between hamlet and Farm:
But so many vehicles
As if the rush confines to define the lives
Of they who drive.
So much unsettled
By their flow;
So much disturbed.

No watching of Butterflies dancing, there:
No sound of wings
As the Dragonfly skits
Past
To but briefly land near my hand.

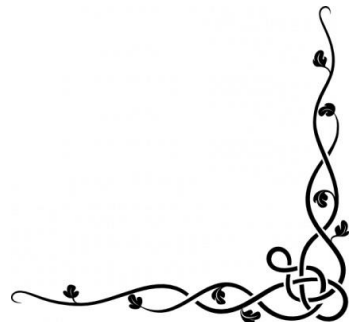
No sound of Stoat
As it peeks out to peer down

Collected Poems - Volume II



To rush across water -
So quick
I turn my head
And it is gone
To leave only an impression,
Only memory
Of a sleek brown being
Who is here
Where it, living, belongs.

Yet - such fixation, there
On that road
Where the world that is not my world
Lives, in its own way,
Killing
The Silence

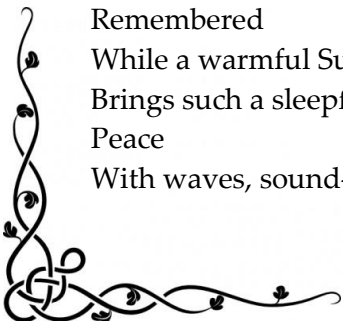


Thus Do The Waves

Thus do the waves slowly wash away the rock
Here where sea, Sun and shore meet sky
And where the pain of body
Has drowned my outer arrogance:

So I sit enwrapped within one moment
Of one place
As the cool breeze cools as it cools
Within the middlin-March,
For they are only people, infrequently passing,
As the waves of a high tide
Are only the waves of one tide
Changing
Here where the promise of Summer
Becomes promised because warm
And the light lives
As it lives in such much-frequented
Places:
Bright
To light to contrast one old cracked canvas
Which has captured through form
One minute moment of one life
Still lingering
Now.

So is love -
And memories, so many memories -
Remembered
While a warmful Sun
Brings such a sleepful peaceful
Peace
With waves, sound-making,



Collected Poems - Volume II

And a sky of blue so blue
Such as young dreams
Are made of.

Thus, there is nothing more
Here
Than such a living
Of life
Through moments

Such Empathy, Passing

There is such sadness to overwhelm me, here
Where a sunny May morning merges
With this Park
And where the sea-view is only briefly clipped
As wind-raked bush seeps to
Brightly fresh-painted greenish railings.

She seemed so sad as she walked, there
Where her cardigan of pink
Kept company with those reddish abstract flowers
Of her longish cleanful dress
And where age-defying beauty seeped out
As her perfume
While she passed:
Such sadness; such quick
Averted eyes
To leave me moved bodily - pained -
Where I in sanctuary
Sat waiting with, amid, such peaceful Sun
As sweats me.

But no movement of me upward came to greeting;
No words to extend by their speaking
This fleeting passing similitude of feeling:
No youthful spontaneous embrace
Here where the plentitude of daises,
Hours-open,
Bend in their instinct of life
To so slowly turn toward the warmth
That is their warmth.

No, no sudden impetuous showing, reaping,

Collected Poems - Volume II

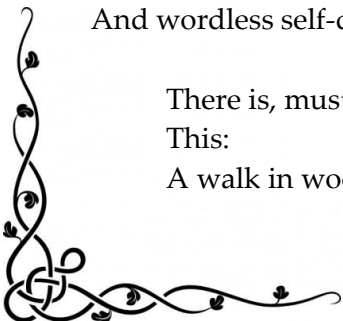
Of empathy, here:
Only worry, convention, uncertainty -
Doubt
Where the slight breeze carries so small Cumulus clouds
Towards another ocean's blue.
No, no sudden mingling of humanity, here -
Only sadness, the solitude of tears.

There is such sadness, here
Where the woman unknown is walked away
Stooped slightly by other than age or illness:
Such sadness
Where the late Spring silence
Begins to break down such peace
As held and holds me, clinging
To such memories
As have made me

Such Gestures

She gestures - such an awkward expression of pain
As inner turmoil, anxiety,
Reaches out to change face, eyes,
Posture;
And I am lost, adrift
Not knowing what to say, do
As outside Dawn with Her lights and colours
Reveals the Frost of Night.

There was a Nightingale, in the darkness -
Such beauty -
As she, I, lay, exhausted,
Unable, unwilling to speak
Then
Beyond the days past
When she, lacking Medication, argued
Begged, manipulated, struggled, hoped and lied
Losing all self-respect
And seeking something - anything - to if only for one moment
Relieve the dread, that fear, that shaking
That snared her:
Three, four, more scenarios of self-inflicted death.
But no games, here -
No clichéd or acted cry
For help
Only deep disturbing hurting
Born of utter, complete self-loathing
And wordless self-despair.



There is, must be, should be Life beyond
This:
A walk in woods alone

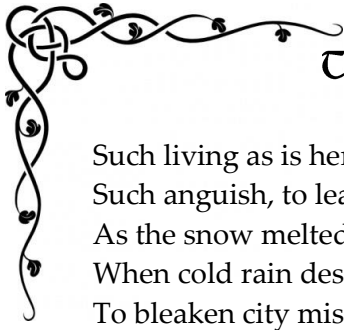
Collected Poems - Volume II

When the cold wind of Winter
Brings that joy of knowing.
For there is living there:
No words,
Nothing to confuse or bring the Anger -
Since the tree is only ever a tree;
The wild Deer only ever wild Deer
And the path is only ever the path
To take me up toward the summit of the hill
Where I can sit to watch a distant sea
Below.
No one, nothing, to disturb with words
The sanctity that is Nature.

I did not, shamefully, acquit myself that well,
For there was anger, rising,
As promises lay broken among the lies;
But then - suddenly for some reason
There was love returning
Growing, spreading forth from understanding:
What could, should, I do?
I did not know, and stumbled,
An old man slowly walking unknown woods, at night...

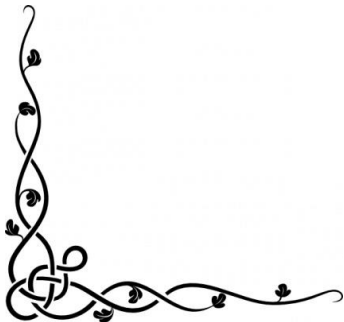
One day later, and I am become alone
Again
 As once, that week ago
 Before her anguish came to break itself
 In waves of days upon me
Ready now to walk forth onto hill
To feel the quiet wordless peace
Of rural Nature:

And she is in her home, again,
Striving to re-create, define



The Wandering Troubadour

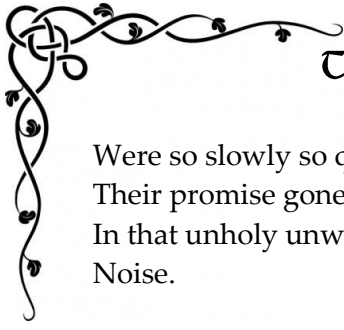
Such living as is her life -
Such anguish, to leave her standing by her door
As the snow melted as snow melts
When cold rain descends
To bleaken city mist.



The Owl

The owl, there, in those trees
I cannot see
Where the dark meets the even Darker
In these fields of no breeze
This cold night
Of English Winter
Here where Farm blurs hedge, sky
Field
Bringing calm on a day of Sun
When I will would did sit by the pond
In Spring and Summer's grass
Drifting drifting toward such sleep-keeping
Dreams
As keep me.

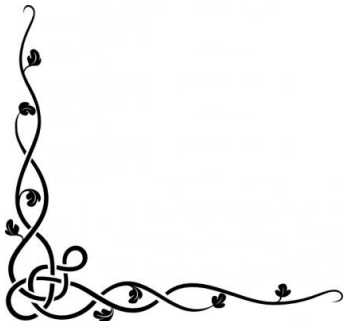
But now, it is as if the centuries of sound
Living, dying, dreaming
Fill me as the Robin earn morn is filled
By the bread left, thrown
As I walk past Breakfast to where those latent hours of Day
Become almost fully filled
With work -
For I, now,
Am so full of this energy of still, quiet, life
I am become what I was, will be
With no wounded world
Festered
By they still there - beyond -
Sheltered, encased in their hubris sprawling, creeping
Growing destroying
As the flail flailing the hedge whose buds in the warm Sun
Of these past warming weeks



The Wandering Troubadour

Were so slowly so quietly so sacredly opening,
Their promise gone, taken, unheard
In that unholy unwholesome mechanized
Noise.

So I treasure this
Which Measures out my - our - remaining stay
As the calling Buzzards of the early February day
Yesterday
Measured out the loss
Here where only the unhearing can hear
And a past lives
Living as Oak breathing sleeping
Knowing slowly
As I know:
Each day a waiting
For destruction
And death



One Moment, Moving

A slight breeze
To curl the waves, a little,
Where this now calmer Sea
Stretches
Below blue
And some annoying flies
Bite the hand that writes.

For it is warm
For end-September
Keeping Summer the way I keep
My loves, remembering:
Stretched and taut with such a slender filament
Connecting them to Life
As the fragile body hazing my horizon
Now so slendly hangs between dark Space
And the blue-green-brown
Of Earth.

I am only this, here -
One moment merging to another
For empathy overcomes:
No cold Thought to spoil by abstractions
The way the factory bolt despoils the lamb.
So much wasted so often
I have no measure to measure-out
The blame
For I am falling, fallen
Having failed myself so often:
No stories, text, to capture such a loss
Of both empathy and love.



The Wandering Troubadour

For I am only this, here - Oystercatchers catching
Where sea greets sand
And the waning Moon still glows, a little,
As on that night

When the distant lighthouse pulsed in darkness
And the sea sounds under stars sent their calls
Down deep down into greeny-blackness
As if some unknown entity of the deeps
Was here, there,
Listening, waiting, lurking
Unprofaned still by the hubris
We mis-name Discovery.

For it is not right to give names
To some things

Now, I am this, here - where only stiffness
Numbness thirst hunger age
Remind one moment
To move

Closeness Becomes Us

This is the life of silence
As she lives warm, within -
There where a net of dreams is woven
By a day's walk, a night's love,
And those hopes that stretched out as our hands entwining
Seeking some horizon
Beyond
Where the cloudy sky of our dull October day
Became the silky sandful warmful Summer smoothness of beach
Beside a sea azure, Sunful, clear - and warming.

These are the moments of her silence
As she lies warm within such arms as hold her
And the blood of sleep, slowing, keeps her still
Because the nightful sky of night is still
With stars
And the breath to keep her living
Is a gentle tide to ebb to rise to flow
Upon our shore of sharing.

There is sand still - a little - between her toes
Unwashed by such haste as brought us
Back, back to one bed shared
Because we could not would not wait
To be together to seep again
Here where, door locked, the world divides
To be only that which we feel dream see, and flow
Here where daylight seeped sepia-softly
To become our starlit night bright
With stars.

Now, now surely I have dreams memories ecstasy enough



The Wandering Troubadour

To keep the inner smile
As time, my time, seeps to break me
As those three score years and ten seek to break
Each Earth-dwelling being of Life.

So, three decades older, I touch and touch with gentle touch
The warm soft tautful flesh that keeps her youth
The way our warmth melds us
As the scent of night, sea and sex
Melds together to be a perfume for her Sun
To warm me here
Where I am nothing more than moments.

For these are such moments of a loveful silence
Seeping
That I could die here peaceful in her sleepful scented arms

Wandering English Lanes

What is there left but each passing moment, past?
No *-ism, -ology*, idea here to break our balanced Earthful connexion:
As that butterfly there is only that butterfly-there,
Moving as all futures unplanned.
No goal to satiate as haste hungers so many humans.

For what is, is only that knowing of this -
A Time unmeasured in duration,
Flowing as Sun above horizon there:
No hours as slope of hill meets with river field,
Only Skylarks rising, since Spring, begun, is fading fast to Summer
And river flowing slows to greet in greeting that bending bend, there.

Warm to humid here where hedge agrees with verge
And which, uncut, so keeps our english-green:
And I am this all this and sighing sit with almost tears.
One car - from what to where - speeding and then the breeze
To seep in peaceful peace.
So sleep with Sun until walk to Inn to satiate a thirst.

What is there left then but wandering rencounter
Back where weird beings seeding merge themselves
With cars.



APPENDIX

The Original Structure of Collections

Poems that were previously included in old collections but have been moved to *One Exquisite Silence* and subsequently removed from this book to avoid repetition are indicated with an underline. Collections that were artificially created (*Collected Poems Volume I and II*) are not listed here.

Gentleman Of The Road

Hermit Tent
Snow in Late April
Relict (pg. 20)
Spring Dawn
Traveller's Wait
The Two Faces (pg. 21)
Road
The Poet's Song (pg. 34)
Waves
Pavilion Bench For A Night
Walking
Wandering and Free
Intermezzo
City Autumn
Waiting
Apple Blossom in May (pg. 32)

To Forgotten Gods

The Returning
A Wise Woman Dance
An Inn At Dawn
Remembering Gaia
The Twilight Hours
Star Goddess

The Witch's Daughter
In The Valley
A Warm Day One Spring
Vagabond
Letter (pg. 25)
Numen
Awe

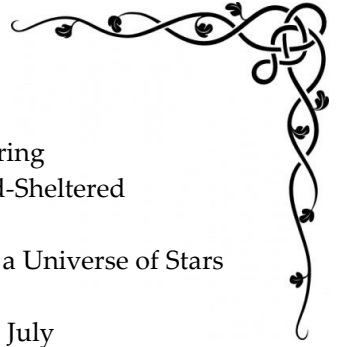
Oak

Oak
Only Relate
Abbey Ruins, Warm Autumn Day
An Early Autumn
One Theme
Only Time Has Stopped (pg. 19)
The Passing
Playing Bach
Street Dream
The Dying

Women, War, And Work

Dirty Work
We Who Live For Triumph
The Silent Wisdom
Summer Love (pg. 37)

Appendix



The First Time
One Answer
Africa Recalled
Shadow Game
Creation
A Call Shall Waken
As An Example Barbir
Forget
Once The Hero
One Memory
In Memoriam Camerone
Cold
Love
Giving Praise
Destroyed
No Sun To Warm (pg. 16)

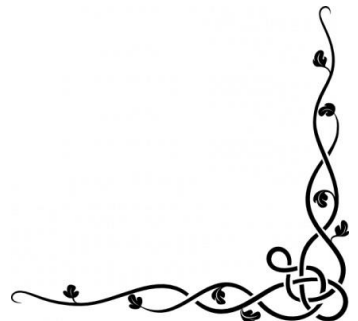
Sandesman

In A Foreign Land (pg. 23)
Sitting

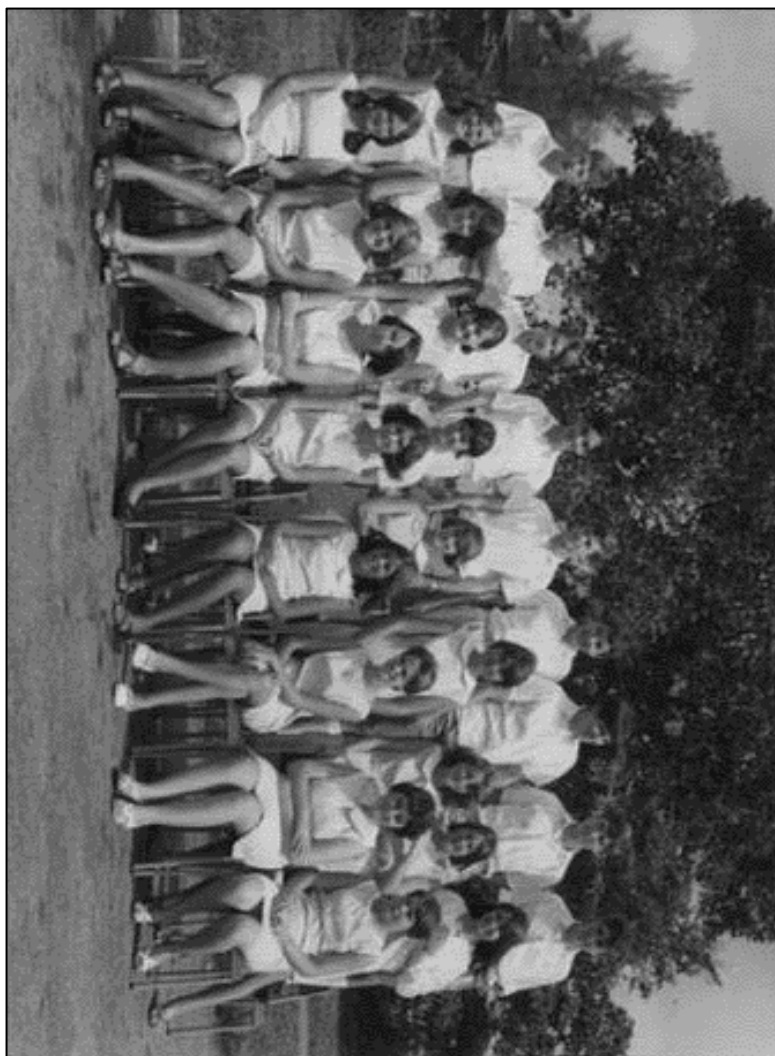
A Forest Clearing
Lee-Hill Wind-Sheltered
Even Here
Pride Among a Universe of Stars
Snow
One Hill, One July
So Simple

In Memoriam Frances

So Sad
Such Gestures
A Tragedy of Beauty
This Is The Garden of Her Youth
This Is All That There Is
Such Are The Moments Of Illusion
We Are The Ones The Dead Leave
Behind
The Ineffable Goodness



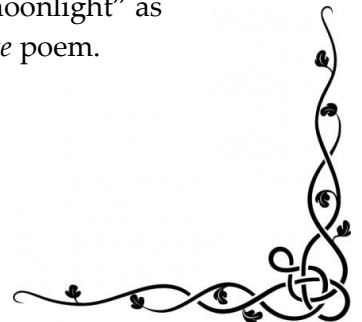
Photos

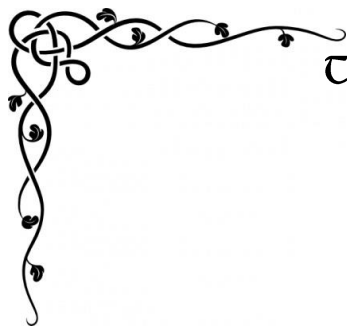


Photograph mentioned in One Seaside Inn (pg. 225),
David Myatt in the middle



The image is of the lane walked “under moonlight” as mentioned in the *One Exquisite Silence* poem.





Credits

Artwork by Richard Moulton

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Editorial note

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1st edition



Appendix

Other Works

Wissen ist Macht: The National-Socialist Writings of David W. Myatt

Aryanism - The National Socialist Religion

Vindex: Mythos of the Aeon to Come

Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates